



mary heebner

simplemente maria press

bridging image & word

25 years
1995 - 2020

bridging image & word



*beauty
and
truth*

*entwined
with
death*

mary heebner
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25 years
1995-2020

June 4 - August 30, 2020
The Special Collections Library
University of California, Santa Barbara



Simplemente Maria Press
Special Collections Library
University of California, Santa Barbara

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Macduff Everton and Mary Heebner

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A Sense of Place: an exhibition featuring 3 series of paintings and the books that grew from them. Pictured, Lascaux ochre drawings and the 6 folios from *Scratching the Surface*. A plan-view map of Lascaux cave was projected on the floor of the gallery.

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INTRODUCTION

IT IS MY PLEASURE to introduce this wonderful 25-year retrospective exhibition and catalogue for Simplemente Maria Press. Mary Heebner was the first artist in Santa Barbara to reach out to me when I arrived as the new Director of Special Research Collections in 2015 and our friendship continues to blossom to this day. It is noteworthy that the archives of Mary and her soulmate and spouse Macduff Everton have been acquired by UCSB Library. Mary's archive provides a full journey, into her creative process, which broadly incorporates a range of artistic mediums, including book design, sketching, drawing, painting, collage, photography, handmade papermaking, an extensive collection of journals and other writing. While both Mary and Macduff are accomplished artists in their own right, their work intersects and harmonizes through years of world travel, witnessing and recording the changes in the global environment. Both Mary and Macduff share a love of life and art and their collective and separate work document ancient cultures, artifact, architecture, and geographical landscapes, bringing together work that captures historical fragments through an artistic geographical and archeological lens.

Mary grew up in Los Angeles as a free spirit and a hippie. She set her eyes on Berkeley, but her parents insisted she come to UCSB as an undergraduate. Ever grateful for landing in Santa Barbara, she found a supportive and experimental program in the College of Creative Studies (CCS), where she thrived. CCS gave her the opportunity to pursue creative writing and art, which has informed and intersected her life work. As she writes: "As an artist, I am curious and always pushing the envelope. I have a need to experience life, and have it churn around inside of me and make something of it" (CCS Notes 2018 Newsletter). Heebner received degrees from UCSB, BA (1973, CCS Art), and MFA (UCSB Art, 1977).

Mary benefited from the mentorship of UCSB/CCS faculty, including William Dole, Max Schott, Paul Winner, Masami Kanemitsu, and also from her friends and colleagues Sandra and Harry Reese. Heebner's artist book projects began in 1995, when she sought to combine her journal writing while traveling with her studio-based work. The first books were specific to describing a sense of place. The books range from very personal collaborations with her daughter, anthropologist Sienna Craig to publications *The Western Horizon*, and *Patagonia: La Ultima Esperanza*, which she wrote and also illustrated to accompany Macduff's panoramic photographs.

The works represented in this catalogue, as seen in the section entitled THE POEMS OF OTHERS, include her collaboration with works by significant writers including Pablo Neruda, Alastair Reid, William Shakespeare, Stephen Kessler, Clayton Eshleman, and Michael Hannon. Heebner's own writing paired with her paintings appear in the section TIME TRAVEL, which includes the books *Old Marks*, *New Marks*; *Intimacy*; and *Scratching the Surface*.

Central to Mary Heebner's process is her curiosity surrounding the ancient world in which mythology, geology, art, language, and stories intersect in her life and travel. Sketching and writing form the base of her interpretive eye, often while traveling on journalistic assignments. She distills her encounters and experiences in travel in the books contained in the section, ON THE ROAD. All of her works reflect a unique interpretation of the intersection between human and earthen forms, which create sensuous abstract compositions. As she writes: "I strive to capture a spiritual beauty in the earth and its

history, and in some ways re-create the warmth and wonder held in our memory, both personal and cultural." Her notebooks and photography provide the seeds for reflection that inspire her studio practice, producing large-scale paintings, drawings, and collages, often with her own handmade paper. The diversity of Heebner's practice and her ability to translate large-scale works into artist's books are both inspiring and breathtaking. Every aspect of making a new book involves careful consideration. "The aim," she relates, "is to make that initial spark of inspiration, that gut feeling of connection, grow into something physical, into an object that can be held, touched, shared with others," and to hold and represent the fluidity of the art. The book enclosures/boxes she designs, often provide a temple-like structure to hold the more ethereal compositions, reflecting a protective or preservative layer, much like the way museums protect world antiquities for human consumption. Heebner's sense that impermanence creates a deeper beauty is foundational to her practice and reflects the preciousness and fragility of earth, water, human culture, and the environment.

As she describes in this catalogue, each book's architecture is designed to give the reader a true "excavation" experience that requires a slow/gentle handling that produces a sensual tactile experience with all of its parts. Three most recent books that illustrate the archeology of the book include *Intimacy: Drawing with Light, drawn from stone* (2017), *Silent Faces / Angkor* (2013), and *Cassandra* (2019). In the book *Intimacy* the reader can experience the cool structure of the anodized aluminum box with the tactile sensation of the carved marble in the form of an opened blank book affixed to the lid, and slowly unfold the accordion book, in which she describes the livingness of marble, and her sensual suite of drawings with light—using watermark as a drawing technique—on paper she made in Fabriano, Italy, and in New York. Similarly, one can explore the layered unfolding of three forms of the book: accordion, codex, and scroll, in *Silent Faces / Angkor*. Both *Silent Faces* and *Cassandra* delve deep into an exploration of the complexity of a human face through ancient sculpture. Among the growing field of book arts, each excavation of Heebner's art and the book is individually unique, representing diverse subject matter, as she pairs her images beautifully with poetry and the written word, or as Heebner names it, "Bridging."

I am honored to celebrate the 25TH Retrospective through this exhibition "Bridging Image & Word: 25 years of Simplemente Maria Press 1995-2020," June 15-August 30, 2020.

DANELLE MOON
Director, Special Research Collections
UCSB Library, Santa Barbara, CA
June 2020

UC SANTA BARBARA
Library

My books fall naturally into three generous and permeable categories, which is how this catalog is organized:

ON THE ROAD
THE POEMS OF OTHERS
TIME TRAVEL

A full checklist in chronological order appears at the back.



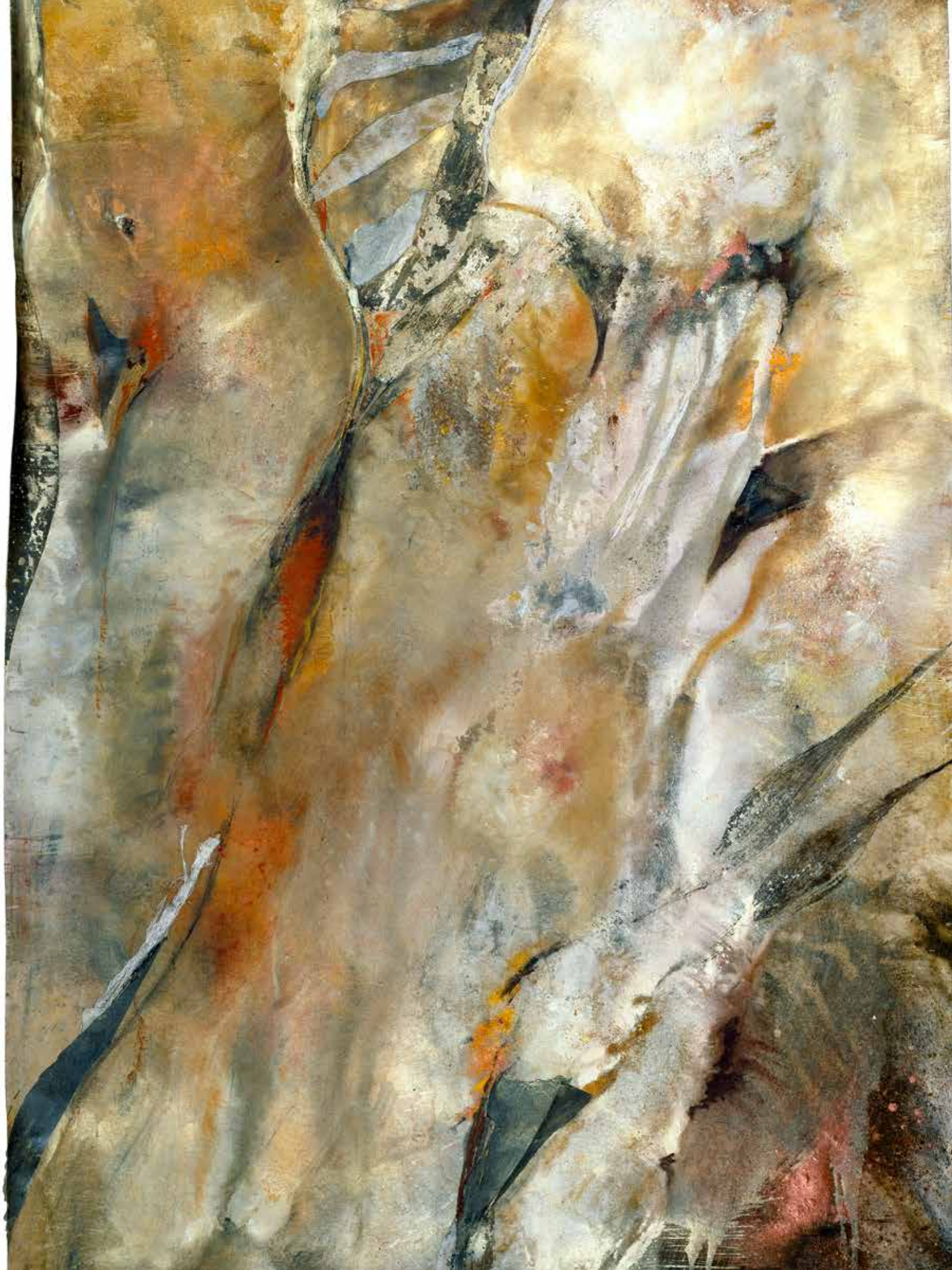
This is a glimpse into how certain travels, work in the studio, and friendships brought forth a growing number of fine art books. My intent has always been to form bridges between words and images in order to best convey the heart of a story. There is a story in everything. My task as an artist is to discover the core, the essence of the story and then to find the form that best conveys it clearly in the most well-crafted and compelling way I can. I find painting to be a very solitary practice; however, making books is more like a play, a collaborative effort. My imprint, *simplemente maria press* in truth is a net cast wide filled with many skilled and generous people, living and deceased, who have guided me and to whom I am ever grateful. Best of all are the strong friendships that have begun, grown, and will endure through the process of making and of sharing words and images with others.



Selection of travel journals, 1994 - 2000. Over 150 journals spanning 1988 - 2020, contain the seed ideas for future projects.

ON THE ROAD

Travel increases my humanity. It makes me take risks and undermines my fears and prejudices. Travel has also been a true source of inspiration. By inspiration I mean the gut feeling when something outside of you connects deeply within. The task for the imagination is to follow the initial threads of feeling, flesh them out with research, gather thoughts, and choose materials that eventually lead to a form. The aim is to make that initial spark of inspiration grow into something physical, an object that can be held, touched, shared with others. It seemed natural to pair the journal notes and sketches I make while on the road with the studio work and handmade paper I was making at home. Sometimes, out of this practice the shape of a book would suggest itself. This may come immediately, but more often it takes months, even years. Then the work begins. This section, in particular, features books primarily influenced by place, by discovering new geographies and human histories, and from encounters with other ways of being in the world.



PANGAEA 1994-1997
The Iceland series

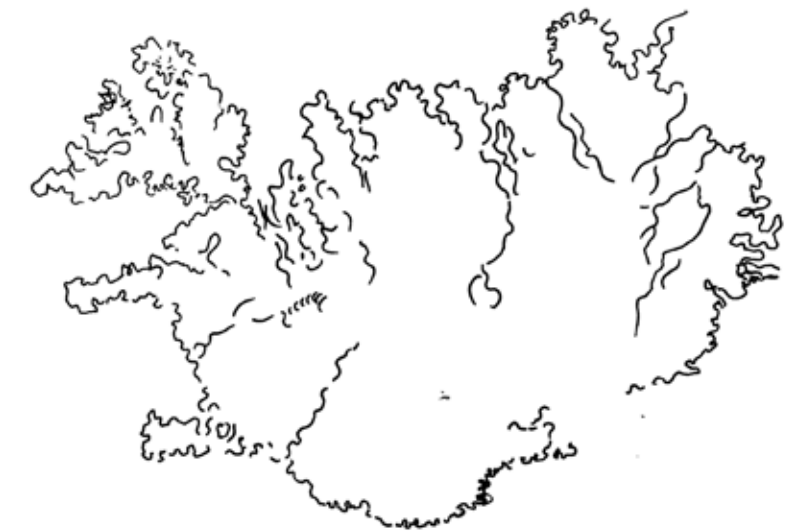


When I walked into the volcanic landscape of Landmannalugar, Iceland, I had the overwhelming urge to paint volcanically.

Once back in the studio, I spread large sheets of paper on the floor, sprinkled pigments, and then bombarded the colors with clear medium, manipulating the sheets aerially, from all four sides, layering and scraping away by turns. I named the series Pangaea. As the large Pangaea paintings—composed of many layers of pigment—lay drying on my studio floor, I pulled contact prints from their gummy surface. These served as templates for prints that I paired with writing about trekking through Iceland, and that eventually resulted in the handmade paper, limited-edition book, *Island: Journal from Iceland*.

Among landforms
Iceland is a baby. Its
first inhabitants simply
named it Island. There
are no fossils, no 'early
man', no human history
before 850 AD.
Its deep past has nothing
to do with human
beings. Maybe that is
what makes it feel so
benign.
—excerpt from the
Introduction to *Island*

ISLAND



Left: *Soft Alluvium* from the Pangaea series, 72 x 50 in., pigment and binder, with collage elements. Above: one of the contact prints, an excerpt from *Island*, and the map of Iceland as printed on the title page of *Island: Journal from Iceland*.

ISLAND 1995-1997
Journal from Iceland



watch the water. ~~dash~~ parting darker depths
cleave into dark water. whole canyons,
deep fissures in the earth, under the mirror
of the lake. still glass. peer into still glass
to canyons below. vertigo on flat ground,
looking down. rain pools in soil circles.
musical drops. tinkling sound of small bells.
rainstick. beads of sound.

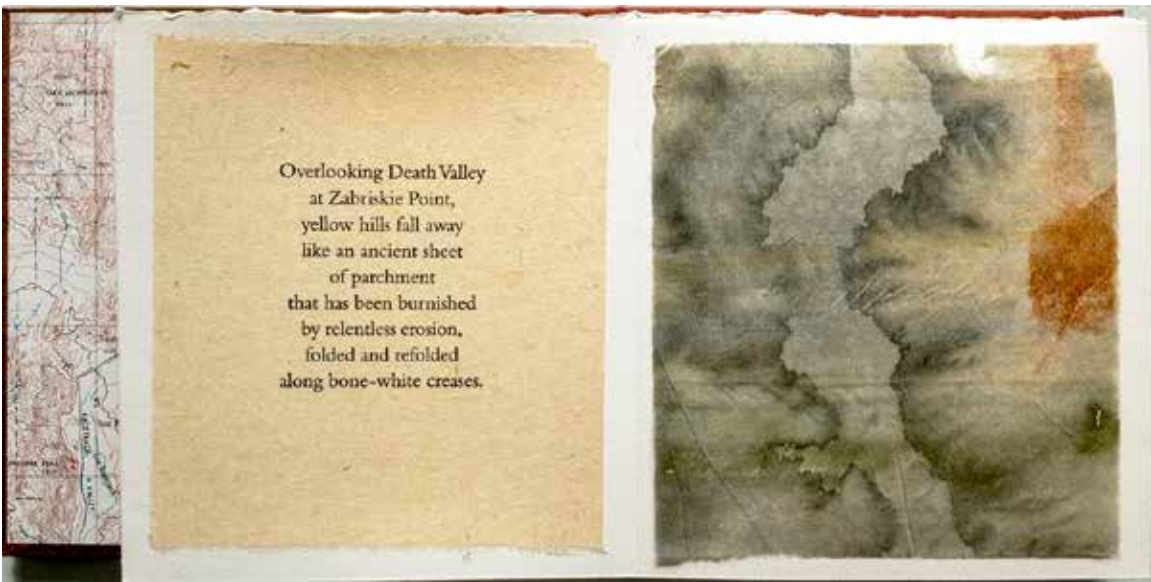
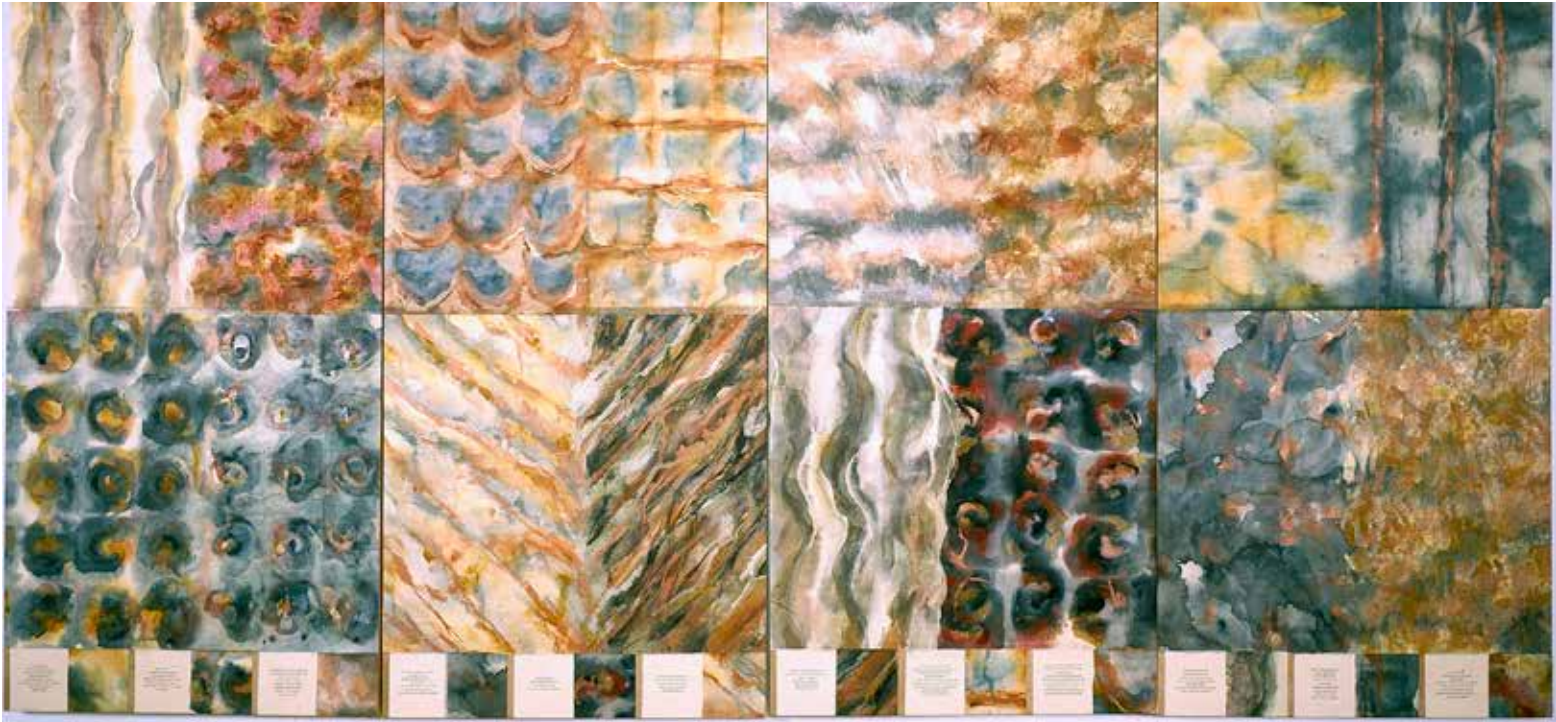
Beads of sound—field notes from my Iceland journal, 1995. Above is the opened book *Island*, showing one of the 12 folios that were derived from the *Pangaea* series of pigment paintings. The series is sleeved in translucent, overbeaten abaca paper.



WESTERN TRILOGY I 1999-2000
 Ocean, Prairie, Desert



This project began in 1999 with a contract from Abrams Publishers for a book about the American West, *The Western Horizon*. I wrote 27 essays to accompany Macduff's panoramic photographs and also contributed sketches made in the field, while we waited for the light in various sites west of the 100th meridian. To make *Western Trilogy I and II*, I paired a selection of 3 essays with tipped-in watercolors torn from larger pattern paintings, such as the mural upper right, into 30 separate watercolors, that I tipped in to accordion panels.



Pattern paintings torn from larger work create all of the small tipped-in art in *Western Trilogy: Ocean, Prairie, Desert*; a page from *The Desert* shown above. Top: field notes and sketches. Right: *The Desert / Mojave*, a pattern mural with text panels at bottom, 55 x 100 x 2 in. Following spread: Exploring Zabriskie Point.

In the desert,
 the earth is fully exposed,
 skinned alive.
 On the parched flanks of its
 mountains
 the graceful arc of alluvial fans
 fall like trailing velvet gowns
 — but it's just a trick of the desert,
 for this is hard land.
 Overlooking Death Valley
 at Zabriskie Point,
 yellow hills fall away
 like an ancient sheet

of parchment
 that has been burnished
 by relentless erosion,
 folded and refolded
 along bone-white creases.
 The serpentine imprint
 of a dry flood channel
 coils deep within the canyon.
 Shadows butterfly across the nude,
 sedimentary hills
 which seem to proliferate in the heat
 until distance itself is a place.
 —excerpt from *The Desert*



A field of dunes is a landscape
 broken down to the smallest pixel.
 Wind deteriorates the hardest rocks,
 pummels them into soft shapes
 that seem almost human, vulnerable.
 Mountains shed minerals, gravel and pumice.
 Out of billions of granules, the wind creates
 studies in *chiaroscuro*, showing the moonlike way light
 bends toward darkness,
 as if darkness were a caress.
 —excerpt from *Western Trilogy II: Dune*

WESTERN TRILOGY II 2001
 Mountain, Canyon, Dune

In 2001 I repeated this format to make
Western Trilogy II. I paired three more
 essays, this time, on Mount Shasta, the
 Grand Canyon, and Great Sand Dunes,
 with original watercolors tipped onto rag
 paper and folded accordion style.

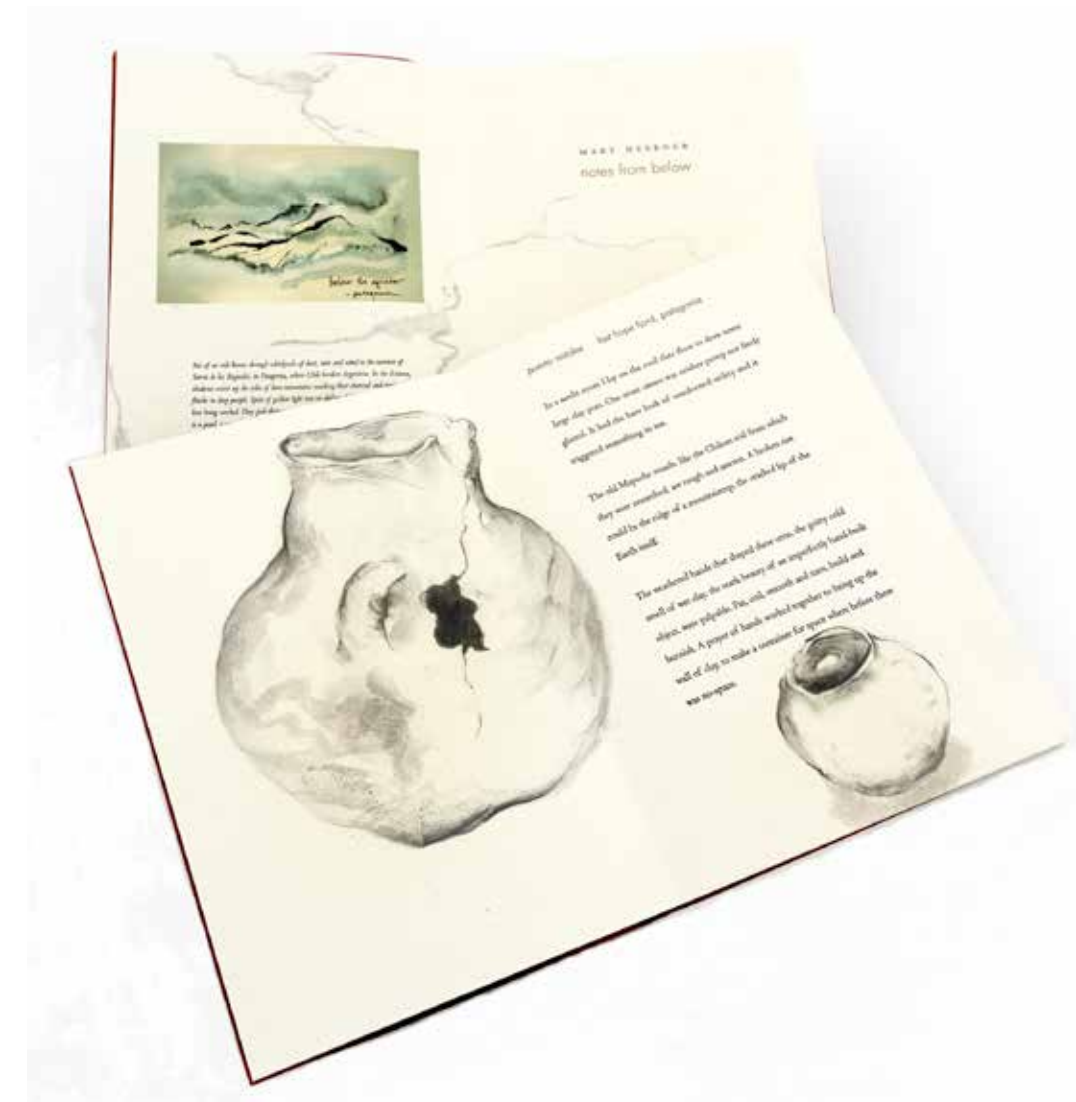
As before, topographic maps of each
 location were used for the end papers
 of each of the books in the box set for
Western Trilogy II: Mountain, Canyon, Dune.





An imagined cross-section of strata in this series Patagonia Below and Beneath. Note the vessel, fossil, and detritus shapes beneath the surface; raw pigment, binder, graphite, inks on rag paper, 50 x 38 in.

PATAGONIA: Below and Beneath 2006
 UNEARTHED & notes from below 2011



Another book based upon explorations in the Western hemisphere—this time, below the equator in Chile—resulted in sketches, field notes, finished drawings, paintings, and the book *Unearthed*. When sketching from a collection of ancient pottery, I noticed marks on the surface—human thumbprints that were 1,500 to 1,800 years old. I wanted to honor the maker, which led to an attempt to form vessel shapes with my paint-covered hands, as if forming a clay pot. I made large finger paintings, transposing a 3D form into 2D paintings. A selection of these appear as pigment-embellished prints in *Unearthed*.

The earth is a vessel,
 containing everything
 even that which is only dreamed
 or unbuilt.

The lips of the vessel are the ridges of mountains,
 its belly blackened by fire, soothed by rain,
 burnished from being touched, used, broken.

The vessel vibrates like an old,
 yellowed soul,
 vivid, terrible, oracular.

The myths are true. We are made of clay,
 water and mineral.

We are vessels formed from the inside out,
 and the outside in.

The ragged, unseen interior supports the softened
 outer glaze.

In between them some unnameable force
 works the wet walls of our desire,
 pressing the coiled
 hunger and longing
 into beautiful
 and transitory
 forms.



Left: the poem that is printed on translucent abaca paper in *Unearthed* as shown above, interleaved with hand-embellished prints from the *Unearthed* series of finger paintings. The bound book has a cover finger painted in earth pigments. Beneath this is the small chapbook, *notes from below*. One must "excavate" both books by lifting a travertine lid off the hand-crafted pinewood box.

FULL LOTUS 2003

The Book as Installation

In January 2001 we traveled to Bangkok and then on to the ancient capital of Ayutthaya, which brought a startling perspective to how cities rise, grow, flourish, and decline. In 1767 the Burmese sacked the ancient city and survivors moved their capital to present-day Bangkok. I visited the courtyard of Wat Chai Watteranam. The statues of decapitated Bodhisattvas—a final insult to the vanquished—nevertheless exuded a presence, despite this desecration. I stopped at each sculpture, taking each statue to heart, and a photo, to remember.

These became the basis of my installation *Full Lotus: Bodhisattvas at Ayutthaya*. I made diptych prints on rose-toned Gampi paper of the statues. Their presences, even just the fragment of crossed legs, evoked a dual sense of violence and calm by turns. The accordion-folded pair of sketches, with minimal text, show the rosy, lithe yogic figures in contrast with aggressively sketched graphite drawings of the same figures—they form the dual emotions contained in the installation and in the small book *Full Lotus*.



Above: Installation of 5 diptych panels, each 90 x 24 in.; images printed digitally on rose-tinted Gampi paper, hung on bamboo dowels, with glass beads for ballast, in front of a gray wall. On the floor, 4 x 6 in. snapshots of the violated statues at Wat Chai Watteranam alternate with a lattice made of brick to create a narrative. Beneath the panels, ground deep-red pigments from the bricks and Cécile Brunner pink roses—the color of the *Full Lotus* accordion panels—complete the piece. Left: one of the desecrated statues I photographed on a foggy day.

FULL LOTUS 2003

Sketches from Ayutthaya



Damaged Bodhisattva sculptures sit cross-legged in watchful repose. Heads once lopped off slender sculpted necks have scattered, rolling across time from the dust heaps of battle—a rainbow of currencies palmed for booty—eventually tumbling onto polished stone pedestals, perhaps in a museum or private collection, with only a brief inscription linking this displaced and sublime object to that magnificent courtyard, and to the lives and the histories it has harbored.

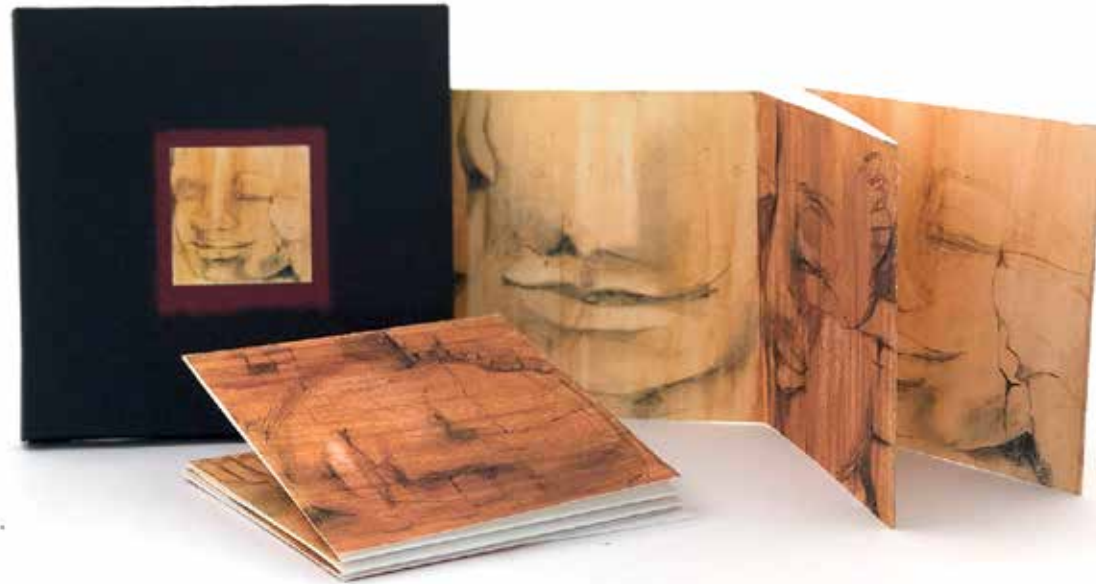
—excerpt from *Full Lotus*



Top right: The *Full Lotus* book's two double-sided prints, rosy pink and graphite. Above and right: watercolor pencil drawing made at Wat Chai Watteranam on a sheet of folded Daphne paper (unfolded size 39 x 25 in.) and an excerpt of the text from *Full Lotus*. Following spread: Sketching the Bodhisattvas.



BAYON 2002
Sketches from Angkor Thom



Above: *Dreamers No. 1* from a collage series, with handmade paper, ochre pigment, ink, 20 x 20 in. and based upon on-site sketches that preceded and inspired the small book *Bayon* and also the paste-painted covers for another book, *Seeking the Open Heart*, 2002.

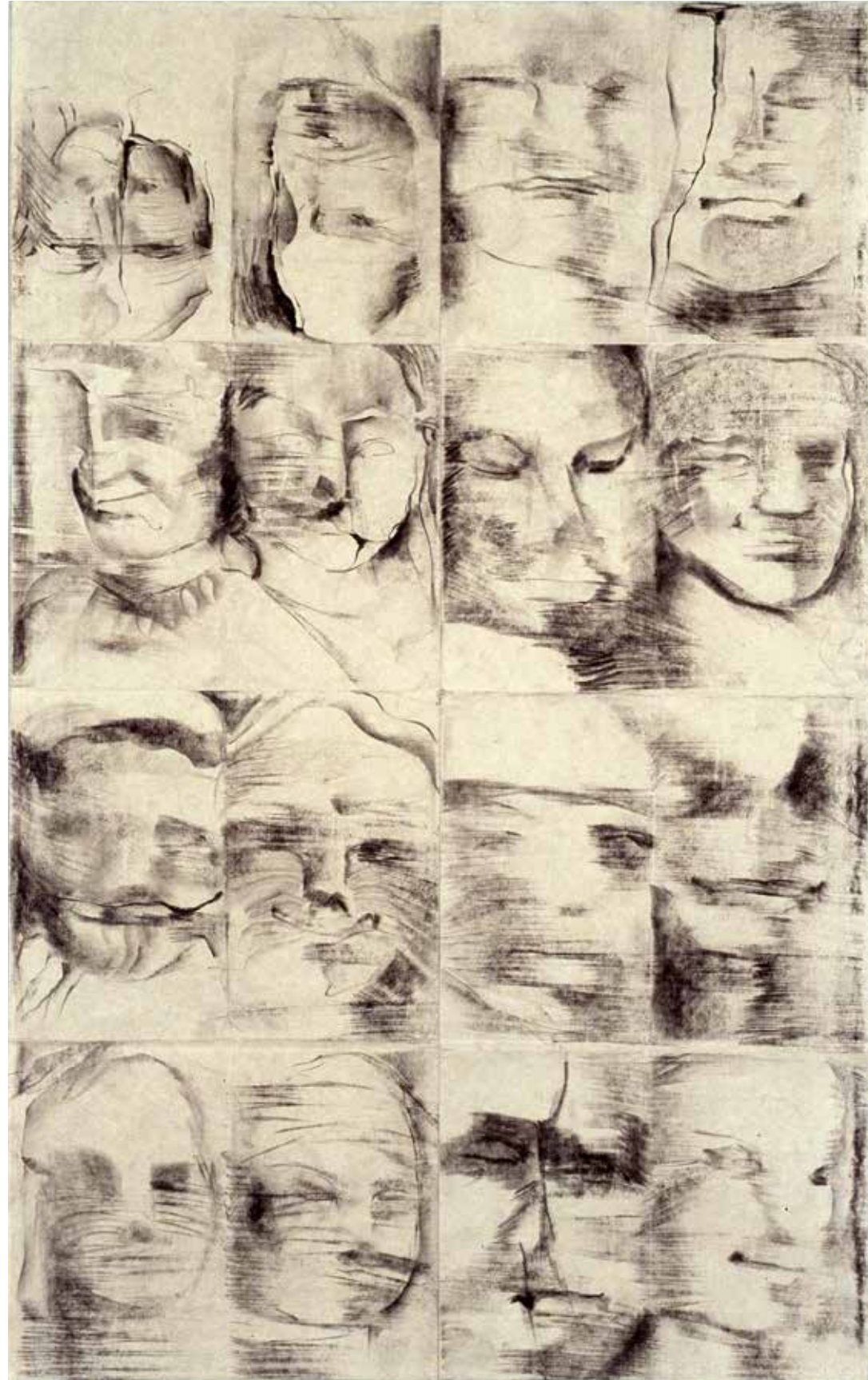


Above: photograph of Bayon Temple.

We spent the day wandering the temple complexes at Angkor. It was beginning to rain and we found shelter under a carved temple lintel. What appeared at a distance as massive rock formations were the clusters of towers atop the temple ruins of the Bayon. The towers were made of sandstone blocks, that had been carved in situ, of enormous four-sided heads. Some see the Buddha, others Brahma, while others note the likeness of King Jayavarman VII. The ochre stone shone and the shadows deepened in the rain. I made some watercolor drawings while sheltered from the weather.

—excerpt from *Bayon*

GEOGRAPHY OF A FACE 2000-2013
The Angkor series

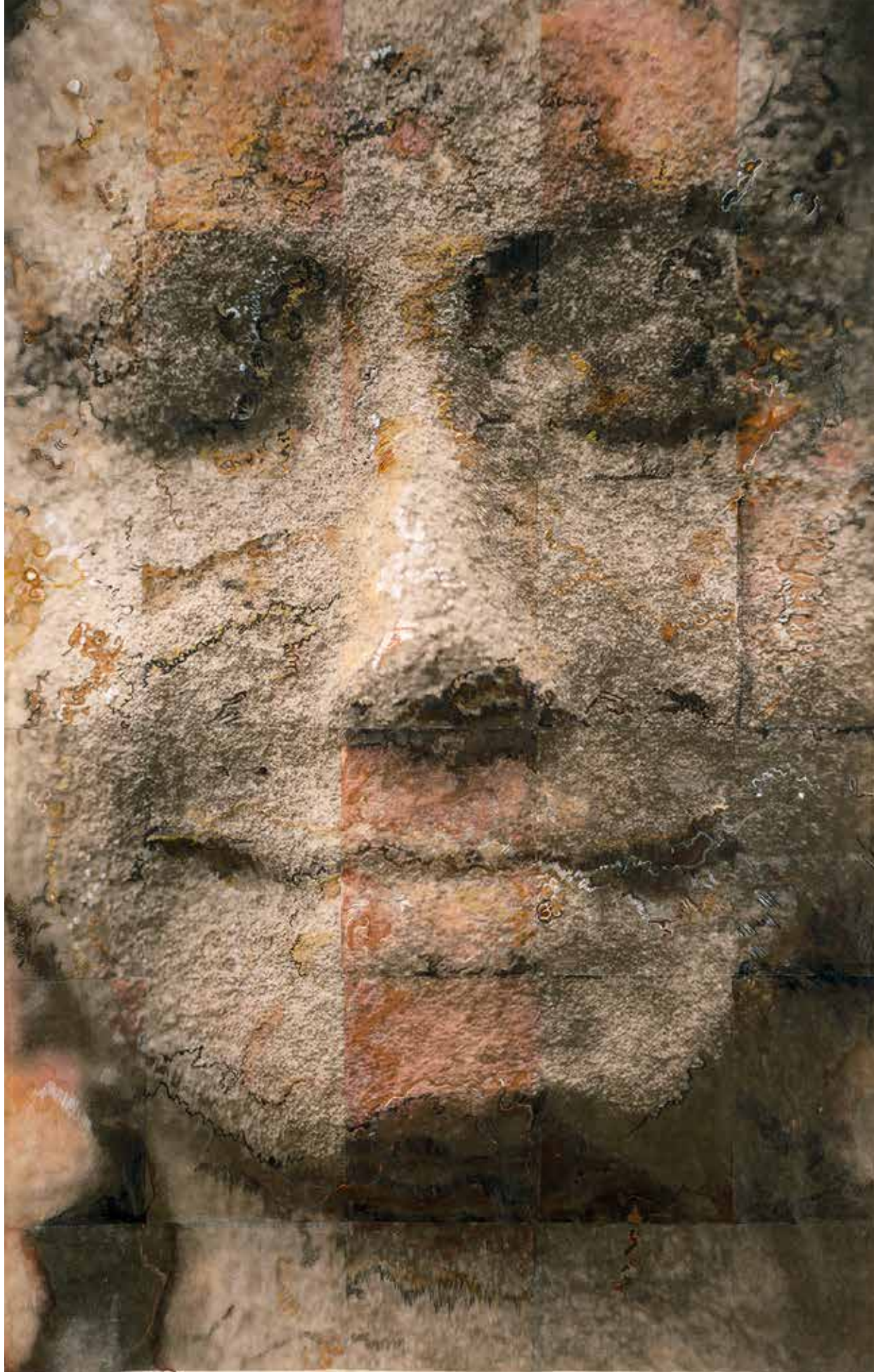


Above: a sheet of my folded sketches of weathered, carved faces from Angkor Thom.



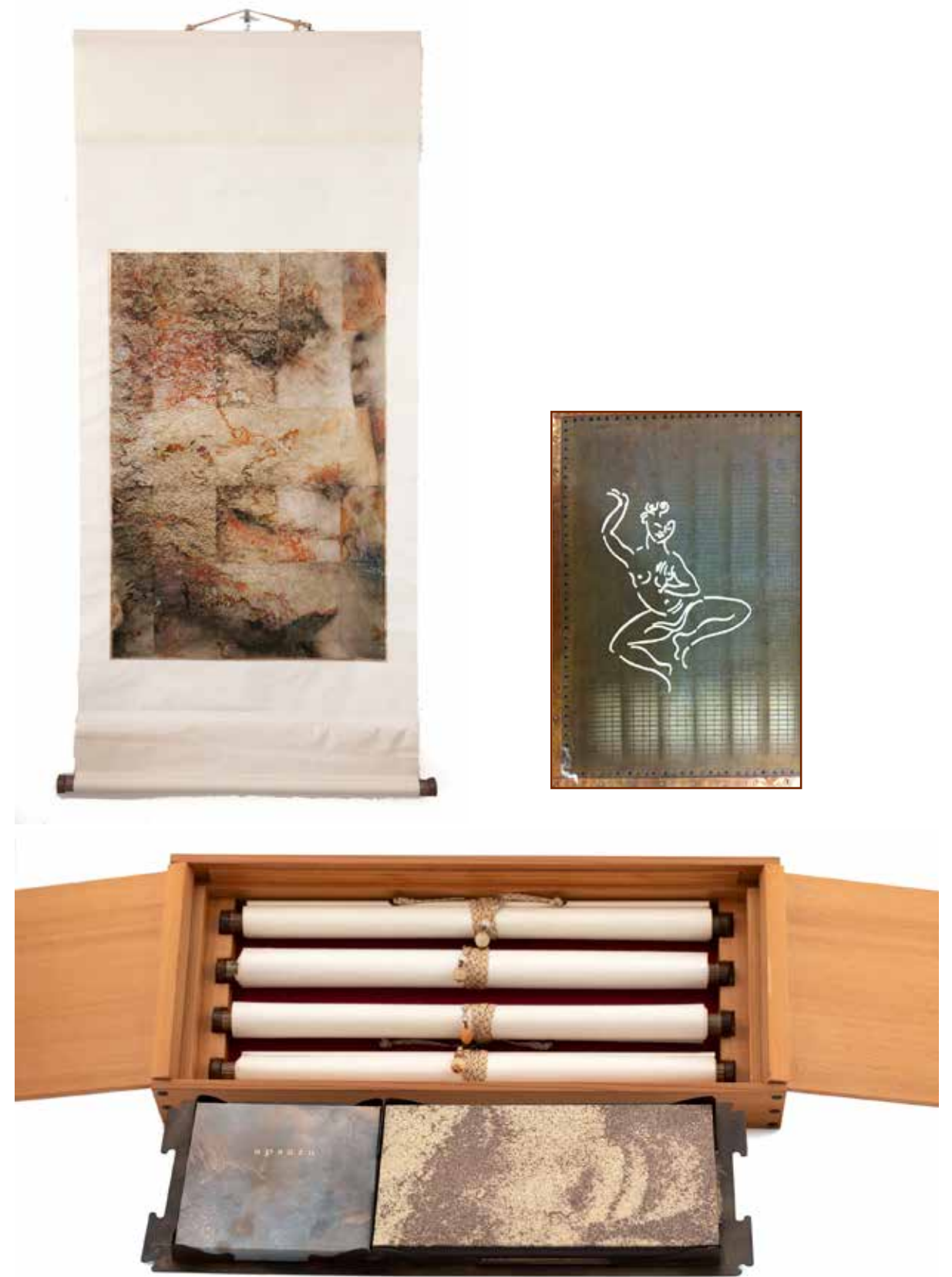
Our guide led us away from the weathered exterior of U-shaped Leper King Terrace, to a newly restored area, but I dug my heels in for what I noticed spoke to me in its very imperfection. Row upon row of carved seated Apsara figures on a terrace rising some 30 feet skyward, but at the terrace's base neglected carvings had given way to time and the elements. I printed black-and-white photos and made them into large hanging scrolls. A year later I revisited these images, gridding the faces into 10 x 8 in. sections and then over-drew with colored and metallic inks and graphite. I called this series Geography of a Face because, as I drew over pixillated fragments, I imagined they were facets of a topographic map. Images then emerged that lived at that poignant intersection between human and earthen form.

Above: *Ancient Presences*, an installation, at California Polytechnic, 2002, and sketching an Apsara figure in the field at Angkor Thom.



Above: *Geography of a Face No. 10*, graphite, acrylic inks, on handmade Daphne paper, 68 x 35 in.

Right: vinyl drawing on papermaking screen; one of the four scrolls that nestle in niches beneath a bronzed metal tray holding the accordion book *Apsara*; and the bound codex book *Silent Faces / Angkor*.





sunrise

the stars were still out when we arrived, along with other tourists who had come to see the sun rise above Angkor Wat, the sacred temple in Cambodia that faces the setting, not the rising sun. In the dark we stumbled over the cobblestone causeway that bridges the moat and is bound on either side by a balustrade shaped like a gigantic naga, or multi-headed serpent.

the starry night drained away, as a milky light slowly filled the sky with morning. yet, across a lotus-filled pond the inkly silhouettes of five majestic, conical-shaped towers loomed like apparitions, as if they held night inside within them.

dawn begins around 5 am year round and with it, the spectral towers, built to resemble lotus buds, become the temple spires of Angkor Wat. details came into focus. the front galleries of the temple, though stained and timeworn, were deeply ornamented with intricate carvings.

Angkor Wat was conceived early in the 12th century by Suryavarman II who dedicated it to Vishnu. It faces west, the god's direction. the impeccable symmetry of the Hindu-inspired microcosm placed Angkor Wat—symbolic of the home of the gods, the mythic Mt. Mandara—at the center of the universe, surrounded by five interconnected earthen walls which, in turn, were encircled by moats and basins, representing the embrace of a primordial ocean.



three little birds

In the late afternoon, a Buddhist nun sat on the ground facing the pond in front of Angkor Wat. she positioned herself comfortably amid patches of grass. her shaved head and large ears resembled an early sculpture by Constantin Brancusi; the head of a young boy, of which I am particularly fond, and rendered her seemingly asleep. just then, a young boy darted past the nun, playing a game with sticks. the ground was littered with the day's trash. he would piece his stick into a chosen bright piece of litter, and then take it to her, a pitiful object, she had fashioned small colorful birds from scraps of cloth and the tossed wrappers of candy and chips the young boy was gathering for her. he was no idle game, they were partners. she added each bit to a growing pile of materials she gathered in a checkered scarf—the rags worn by such and bendans by many country khmers woven in colorful combinations of blue, green, yellow orange, pink, grey and red.

the nun had placed a dried branch upright in the dirt so that it served as an armature for her eye-catching creations. the birds hung from threads she entwined with these inch sections of a plastic drinking straw. I motioned to them, with a friendly nod of admiration. she held up one finger. it seemed everything, from a shirt to folk art had the same price tag. one dollar. I held out three and she handed me three birds.

I prepared to my camera and she nodded shyly. I took a photo, then I sat near her, watching her work while I sketched. she didn't seem to mind.

the nun was making charming objects from these trash. the ingenious little birds transcended their materials. I wrapped them carefully for the long home. I still have them—these little treasures.

Above and right: pages from the codex book *Silent Faces / Angkor*, with my impressions of Angkor Wat at sunrise, and a tale of a nun, a young boy, and three little birds.

PRAYER FLAG 1993 & 2020
Five Elements and a Tale of Longing



Earth was once covered in water. Land emerged, threaded with rivers, cradled by an ocean. In a perpetual dance of bowing and shifting land and sea create topographies of fierce beauty. Earth spins toward darkness, then light to give us Time in which we rest and work. Time by which we mark our brief stay above ground. There is a Buddhist saying that we know our feet because they touch the Earth. Beneath our feet lie our ancestors, fossils, a lineage of plants and animals, a heritage that we call origins, history, memory, and culture. Earth you are wilderness and gardens. We are newcomers here. We procreate, explore, invent, enjoy, and we are in love with power, control and growth. We have soiled, pillaged and taken for granted your bounty by— girding you in fences, clothing you in waste that defies recycling. Let us be more mindful of the flexible bough, the ebb and flow of tides the value of gilding as well as building up. We are becalmed by your hydroids so much so that we forget our relation to you. But when you rock and roll to tectonic shifts, when land goats, volcanoes rupture, fault lines splinter, we clamor for our lives. Our smallness and frailty in the wake of these grand movements we call suffering. Our gut response in the face of catastrophe and suffering runs the gamut from repacity to kindness.

This is a prayer for Humility

Tibetan prayer flags are imprinted with invocations to specific deities. They are colored green for Air, red for Fire, yellow for Earth, white for Water, and blue for Aether—the five elements. I wrote my own prayers, invocations to a distressed planet. After printing the icon and cursive text, I painted the flags with each element's color, shown at right on my worktable, with palette and brush. Above: Prayer to the Earth.



Top, left to right: both sides of one set of prayer flags. Each flag is 9 x 10 in. and sewn together with silk ribbon. The piece can be folded up and read as a book or opened and displayed. Above: my palette and the text with the colors of each element.

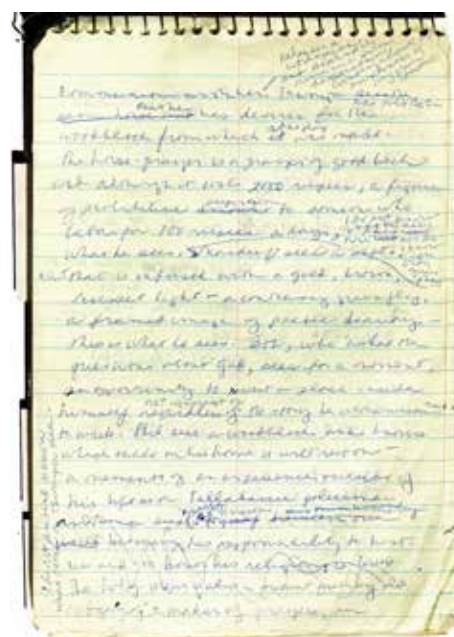
WHY CURSIVE?

Cursive script is a simple beauty: A single, hand-drawn, curvaceous line creates a word. It is becoming a lost art. Cursive writing is really a form of drawing—its lines are threads of connection between hand, mind, eye, and subject. Writing in cursive allows time for the imagination to wander, to discover. It is an intimate form used for jotting down ideas, composing love letters, writing journals, or field notes.

When on the road, all of my first impressions and observations are jotted in cursive in hundreds of notebooks.

Although the Tibetan letters carved into block prints that form prayer flags are not cursive, they form a shape with words around a central image that feels consonant with the ways word and image inter-mingle in my travel journals.

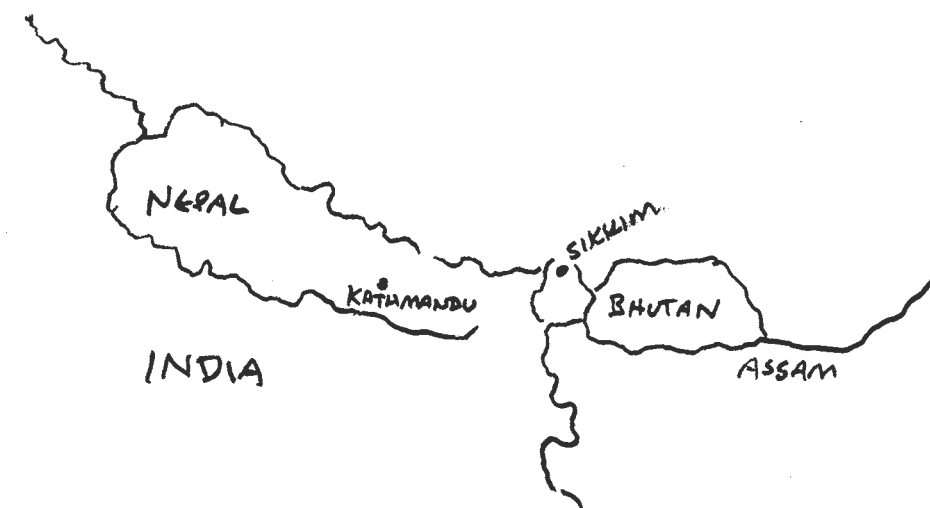
So, in this project, I was inspired to write *A Tale of Longing* and *Prayers to the Five Elements* entirely in cursive.



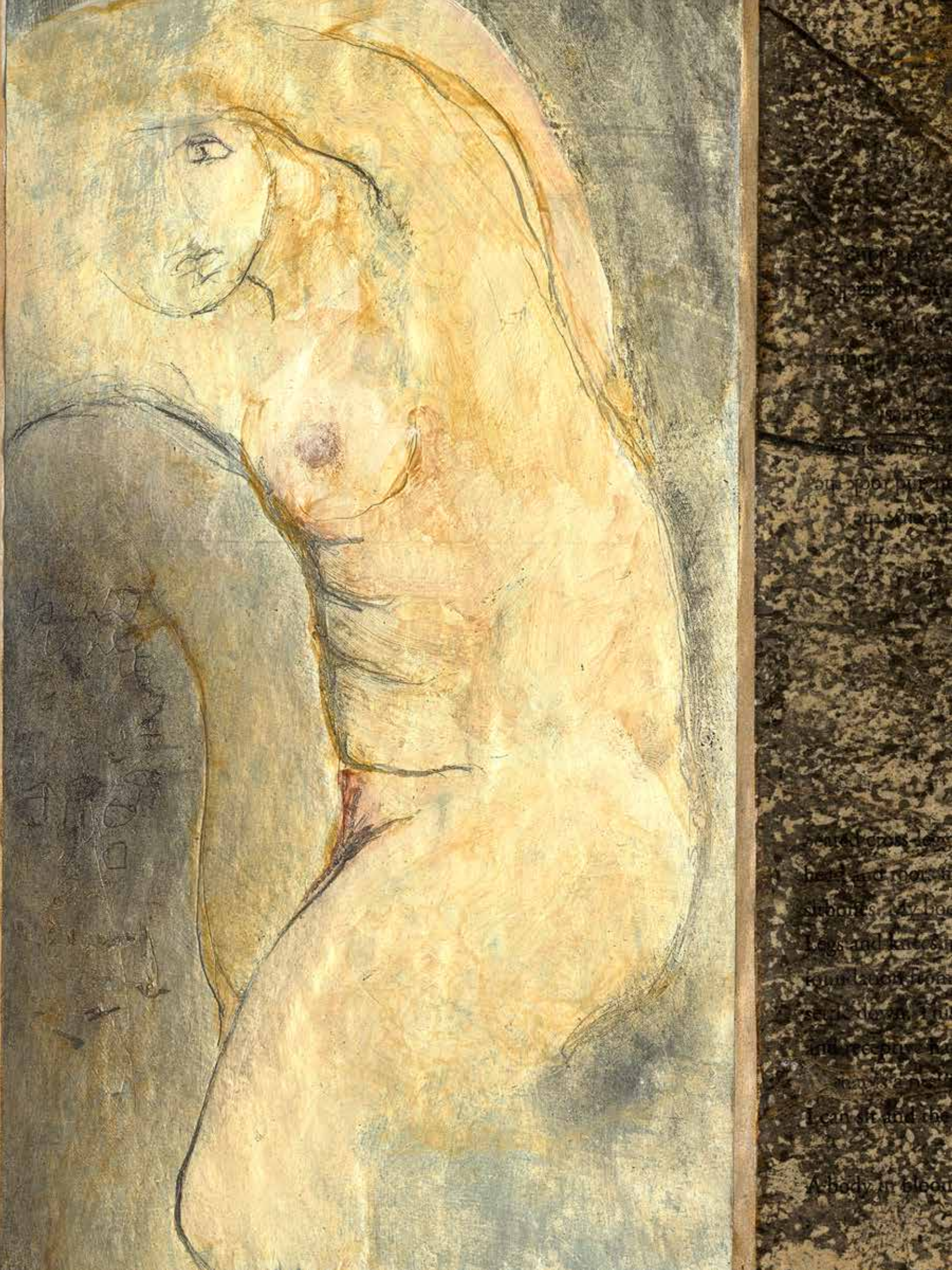
A Tale of Longing

We are four: a writer, a photographer, an artist and a cop, traveling with two young Tibetans, Pema and Tempa, who are from Sikkim, India. They are our guides and translators as we venture from Gangtok, the state's capital, all the way to northern Sikkim. Before 1975 Gangtok had been the center of the independent, culturally Tibetan Kingdom of Sikkim, and now it was part of India, the world's largest democracy. The six of us travel by jeep to the state's largest monastery, Rumtek, on the outskirts of Gangtok. On our drive out of town, dozens of Tibetan Buddhist prayer flags punctuate the skyline, snap in the wind, and brighten the roadsides near villages and sacred sites.

I WANT TO SEE WHERE AND HOW PRAYER FLAGS ARE MADE.



A page from *A Tale of Longing: A Visit to Rumtek Monastery in Sikkim, India*. This spiral-bound journal tells a story of an encounter with a monk making prayer flags at Rumtek Monastery. Left: in the studio, hand writing the text; a field notebook; and the five icons I made to represent Fire, Air, Earth, Water, and Aether.



THE POEMS OF OTHERS

I have had the pleasure of working with wonderful writers.

A journey on foot and a-horseback to Mustang, Nepal, led to a collaboration with sonnets by Sienna Craig, anthropologist, poet, and daughter.

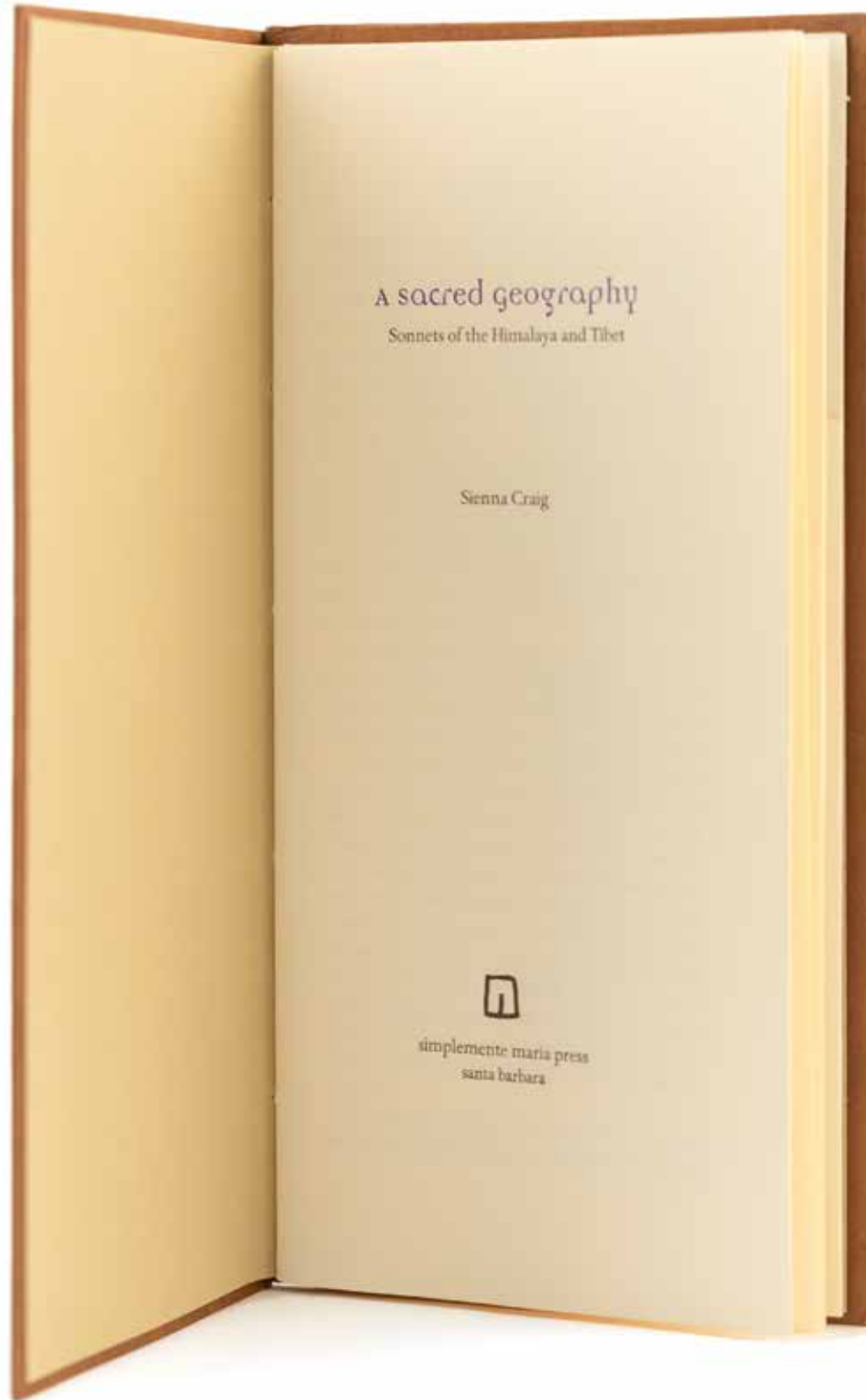
Curator Josine Ianco-Starrels's exhibit *Shakespeare as Muse*, prompted a version of *Hamlet*.

Placing my work in consort with the poetry of Michael Hannon sparked a dear friendship. I enjoyed Clayton Eshleman's ekphrastic riffing off my artwork. Serendipity brought Stephen Kessler's poem *Cassandra* to me, a fine match to my multifaceted collages, that are takes on the human face via sculpture.

Translators of poetry who worked with me include Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Lise Apatoff, and Alastair Reid.

Alastair gave such sonorous English voice to the poetry of Pablo Neruda. I proposed pairing my *Isla Negra* paintings with his poems of the sea, and this launched me on a life-changing journey.

"Oh heat dry up my brains!" *Hamlet Act IV scene 5* (detail).



I made pulp-painted folios for *A Sacred Geography*, edged with the sacred colors striped on *chöten* and *mani* walls throughout Mustang. I gently sprayed the right side of the folio to disperse the pigmented pulp, to express impermanence. A *saligram* image was debossed on each of the 12 folios. Sienna's sonnets of specific places in the Himalaya and Tibet were printed on Kozo paper and laid within a debossed frame.

A SACRED GEOGRAPHY 2005
Sonnets of the Himalaya and Tibet



Above: opened chapbook. Right: 12 sonnets on handmade pulp-painted paper and in a niche, the chapbook, shown in the cloth-over-board clamshell box.

A Sacred Geography: Sonnets of the Himalaya and Tibet is born out of years I've lived in the Nepal Himalaya and in Tibet. The steppe, valleys, and peaks whose contours define the Tibetan and Himalayan world grant humanity no easy life. These sonnets are written in homage to places on the edge of things. Each locale invoked through these poems has made me more attentive to the stories that live within a landscape... Memory holds fast to cool, dry earth. Wind carves this landscape with equal force. This is an unforgiving place, for all its beauty. I have chosen the sonnet-as-form, in part, because these poems are an act of love. They are offerings, written in the spirit of ritual and with the knowledge that, like love, landscapes must be true to change.

—Sienna Craig

In the spring of 1996 my daughter, Sienna, led me across more time than distance, up the largest, deepest gorge on earth to the walled Kingdom of Lo in Nepal's Mustang district, on the border with Tibet. We rode horses, and trekked, stopping at villages along the way. I held these images of the Tibetan and Himalayan landscape — its sacred geography — in mind, hoping my experience would translate into art. In 2003, I hand formed pulp-painted sheets of paper, using variations of the three colors of the pigment-streaked thousand-foot-long *mani* walls that illumine the landscape, to frame Sienna's sonnets. A book began to take shape. When a daughter takes hold of a mother's hand and guides her, a visceral transformation happens, involving both bewildering surrender and deep joy in such a reversal of roles. It has bound me to these places with respect and affection, to the people I met, and to the difficult landscapes that they call home.

—Mary Heebner

Sienna and Mary at a *chöten* near Tangbe. Upper Mustang. Sacred colors of ochre, gray, and white adorn *chöten* and *mani* walls in the region and inspired the design for the folios of *A Sacred Geography*.



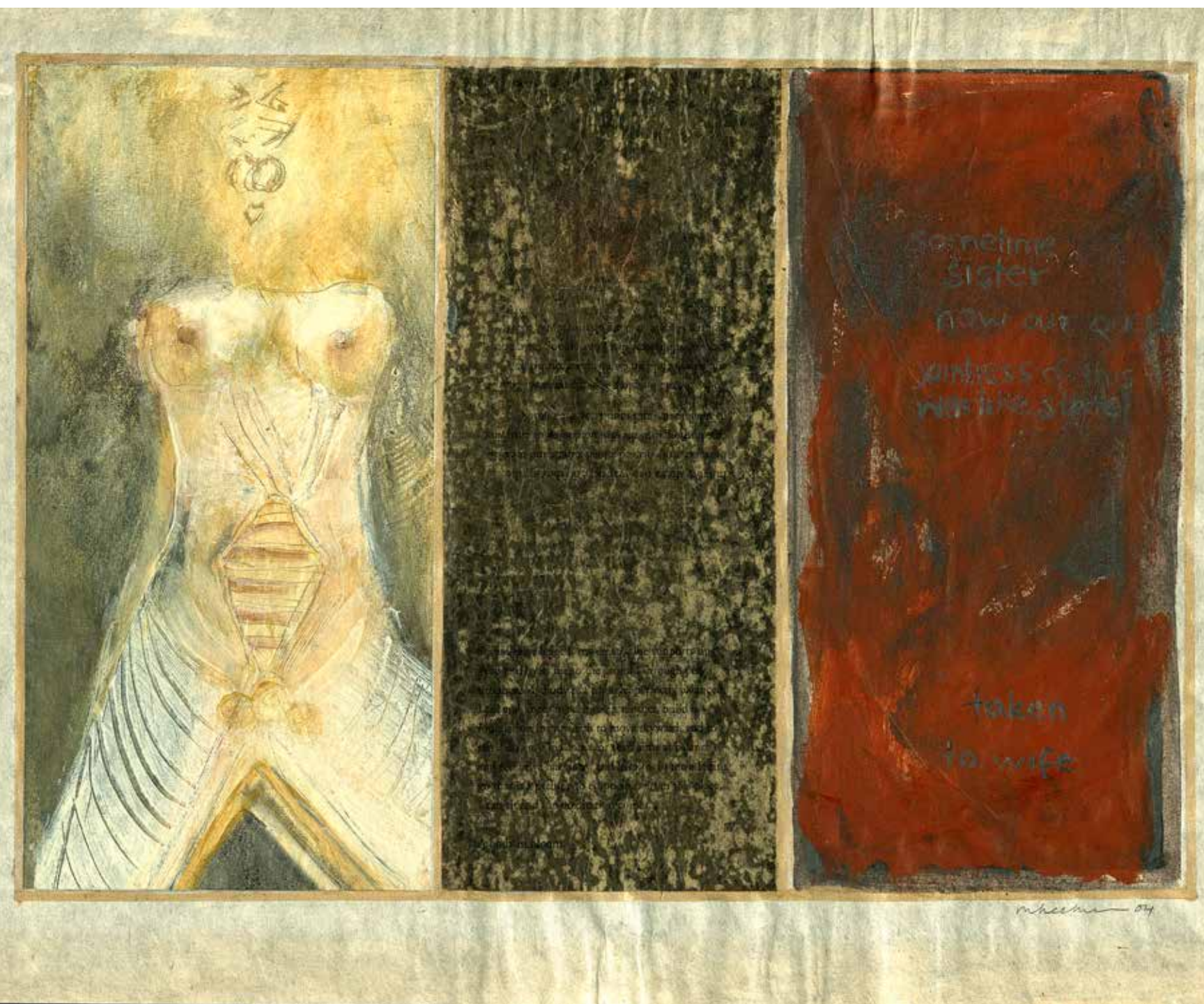


Above: detail of *Hamlet: Act IV Scene V*, "O you must wear your rue with a difference," detail from a collage on handmade paper. Six of these collages were in the exhibit, *Shakespeare as Muse*. The project begged to be a book. That took another four years.

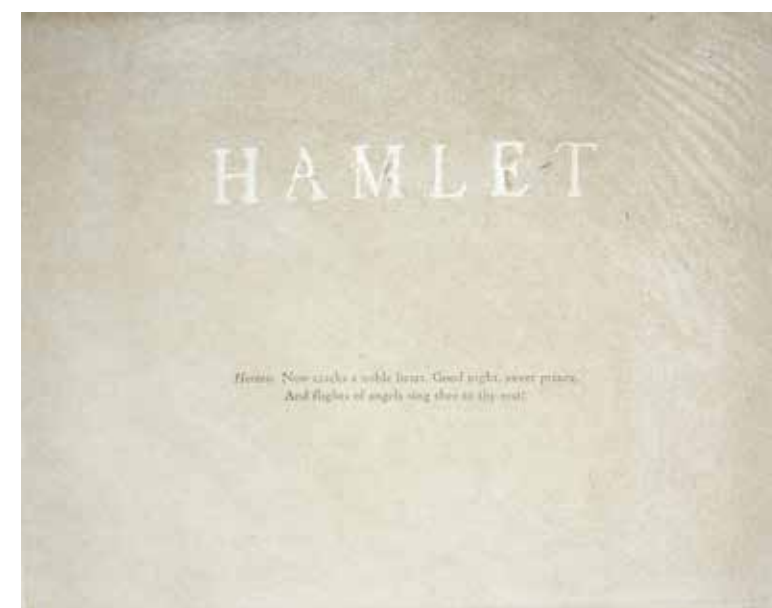
THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF HAMLET 2004 - 2008
An artist's interpretation of the classic play by William Shakespeare



Josine Ianco-Starrels directed the city-funded Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery in Barnsdall Park from 1975 to 1987 and remained active as a passionate supporter of under-recognized artists and social justice until her passing in 2019 at age 92. In 2000 she moved to Oregon to "retire" but immediately had ideas for exhibitions and worked as a guest curator at The Schneider Museum of Art at Southern Oregon University in Ashland. Josine conceived an exhibition, *Shakespeare as Muse*, and called on artists she had worked with over the years to respond to her concept. I first showed Josine my early work in collage when I was a graduate student of William Dole at UCSB in the 1970s. In 2004, 58 artists participated. I made 6 collages inspired from passages of *Hamlet*. Over the next four years, with guidance from my dealer and book mentor, Joshua Heller, this grew into an artist's book of 20 folios based on original collages and that employed stenciling, watermark, and pulp-painting techniques. I also included a hand-sewn booklet—an "actor's script"—of the entire play.



"Sometime sister, now our Queen," one of the original collages from *The Hamlet Project*. Pigment prints were made directly from 20 of this series of collage paintings, that are edged with gold, 12.5 x 16.5 in.



Above: applying vinyl letters to the papermaking screen to create a watermark; final folio with watermark, *Now cracks a noble heart*.



LOVE'S BODY

I'm bathing in the hot tub with my sons.
 Brought forward by mysterious arts,
 falling stars slide off the sea's glass roof.

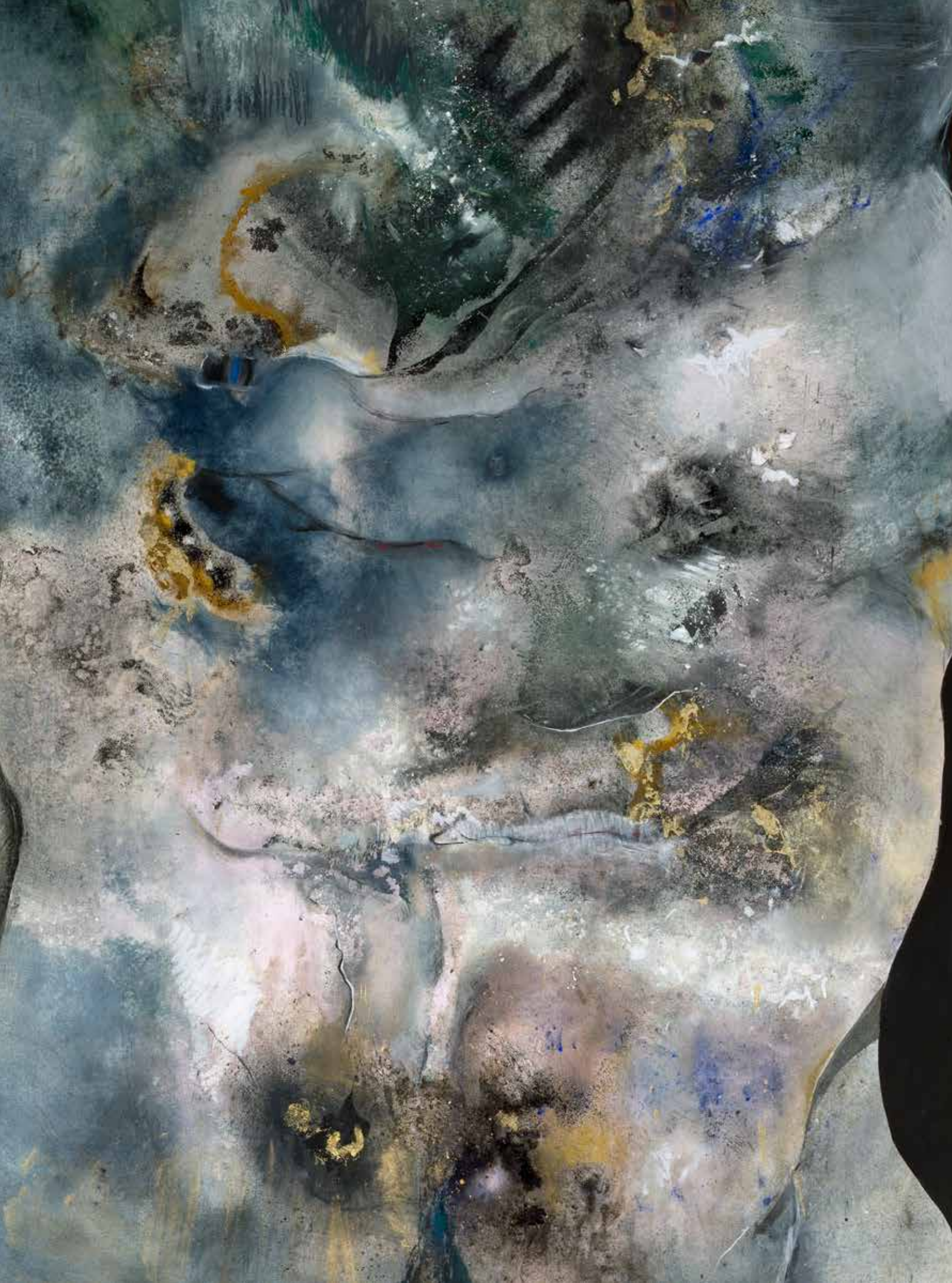
All the love in the world, I'm thinking,
 while deep in the tub a blue light beams me up,
 weightless in the body Time has imagined.

SEEKING THE OPEN HEART 2002

Poetry by Michael Hannon

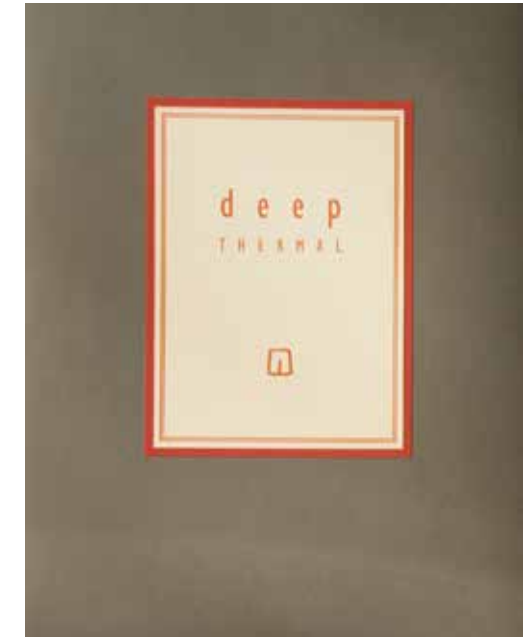


In 2000 Michael Hannon came to my exhibit, *Bridging Time* at Cuesta College, San Luis Obispo. Our friendship developed as he visited my studio. He often would leave a typed poem for me as a gift. That is how I gathered up these 10 poems from his collection, *Seeking the Open Heart*. He suggested we do a book. I struggled to find imagery to go with his words and finally abandoned that tactic. Instead I made some free-form images on handmade *sa* paper I carried home from Thailand in 2002. So, rather than illustrations, I regard these images as pairings to his poetry.



DEEP THERMAL 2007

An ekphrastic portfolio; poetry by Clayton Eshleman



I met Clayton Eshleman through my friend, translator and professor Jill Levine. She knew I had been to the real cave of Lascaux and wanted him to see my book *Scratching the Surface*. Our friendship grew from a shared passion for art of the Upper Paleolithic. Clayton subsequently would visit my studio, and in 2006 he presented me with a typed sheaf of 6 ekphrastic poems, based upon his riffing off 6 of my paintings. I designed a portfolio that paired his poems with images he chose. In 2008, at the closing of my studio of 29 years, Clayton gave a reading of these poems and the original works that inspired him hung on the walls.

“I am interested in what I see in paintings as well as what the paintings see in me. I try, facing works of art, to inhabit a “between” in which a reciprocal distillation can occur. I found in certain Mary Heebner watercolors a resonating psychic stimulation, and attempted to improvise on the words, narrative nodes and associational “chains” they flushed forth.”

—Clayton Eshleman

Left: *Deep Thermal*, Pangaea series, 72 x 50 in., pigment, binder, and collage on Stonehenge paper.

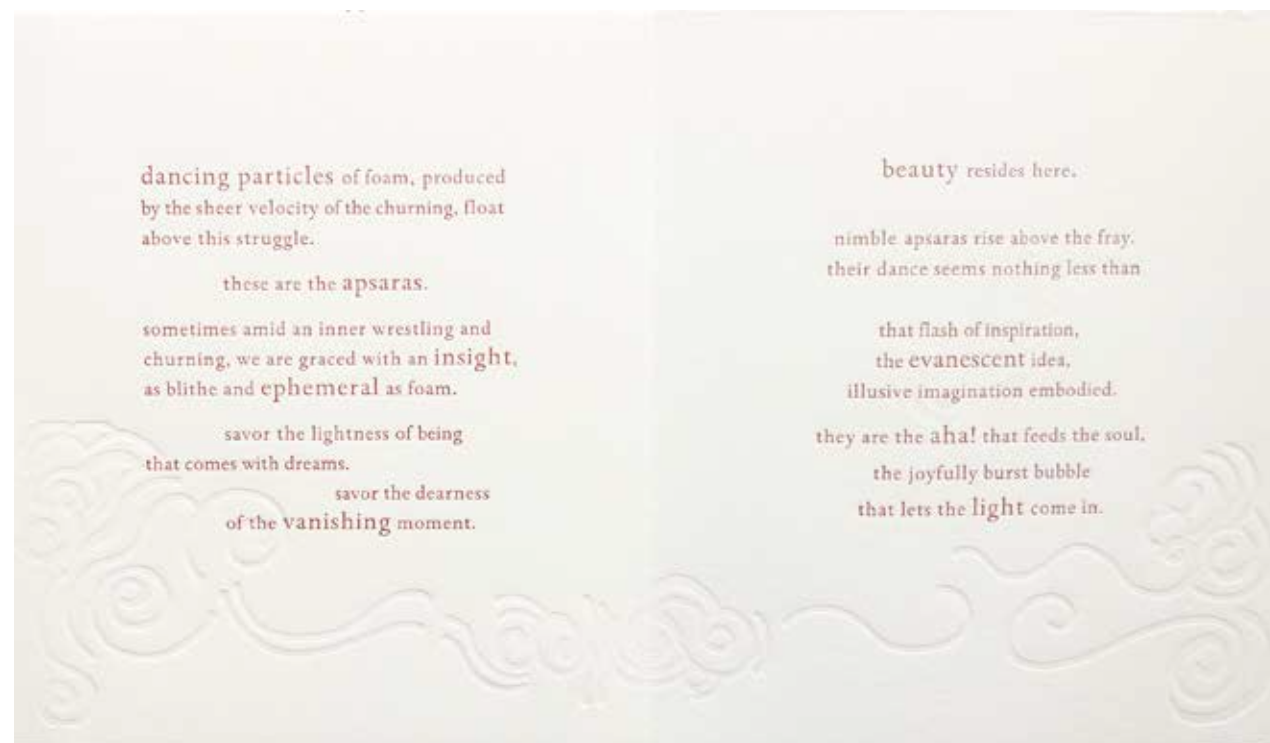
APSARA: An Improvisation 2015
 French translation by Laure-Anne Bosselaar



For this edition of *Apsara: An Improvisation*, I decided to take the conceit about judging a book by its cover one step further. A simple white box holds the two accordion-fold books, one in English and the other in French. For the lid I created 20 original acrylic paintings, one for each book. I've lived by the Pacific Ocean most of my life, and so I simply imagined *The Churning of the Sea of Milk* from the Hindu Puranas, as the froth and wave of a churning ocean.



Left: several of the 20 hand-painted lids to the boxes for *Apsara: An Improvisation*
 Below left: the final spread of the accordion fold that imagined the Churning myth to be about struggle and the creative process. It is printed with deep deboss onto rag paper. Above: display of *Apsara*, image and text, and its hand-painted folder.





The Mythological Cassandra

Cassandra, the chaste and beautiful daughter of King Priam and Queen Hecuba of Troy is gifted in prophecy, foretelling the future, and in comprehending languages. She is Apollo's priestess. Apollo, god of light, music, poetry, and prophecy, propositions her, she refuses him, and her refusal so angers Apollo that out of spite the spurned god spits in her mouth this curse:
—For every truth you utter, none will be believed!

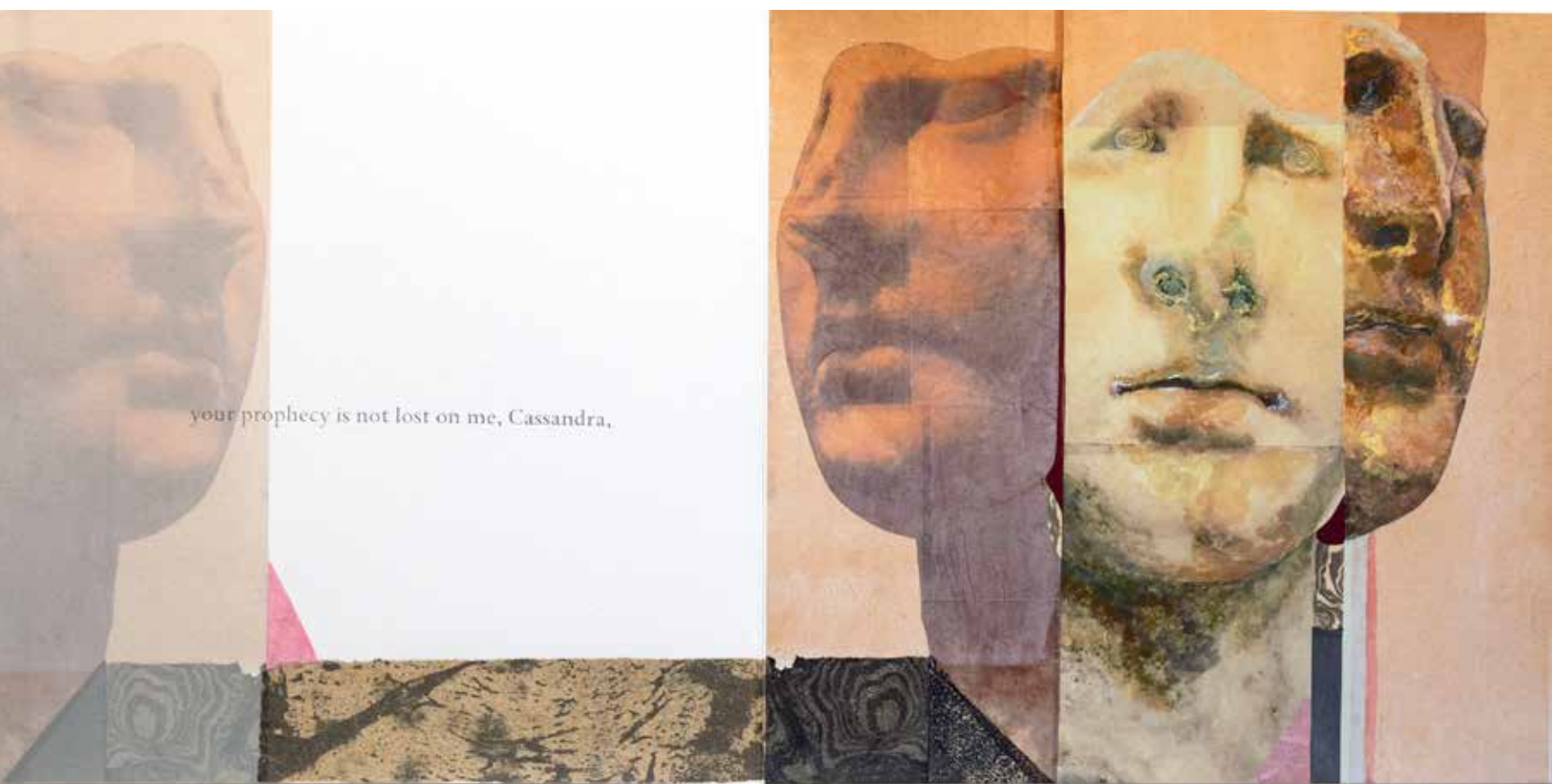
Cassandra's truth-saying cuts through the veils that buffer everyday life. Her refusal is an act of brave integrity, and as such she is often seen as the quintessential victim, one who is blamed and then punished for saying No to a powerful god's commands. Through Cassandra, we are shown a deeper truth, a starker beauty born of our own mortality.

She speaks the future plain, but no one believes her.

Above: installation at Art, Design, & Architecture museum, UCSB, 2019: each of the 10 spreads in the accordion fold is hand touched with pigment and collage elements so that no two books are exactly alike in this edition of 25 copies.



"The Earth is burning." Cassandra

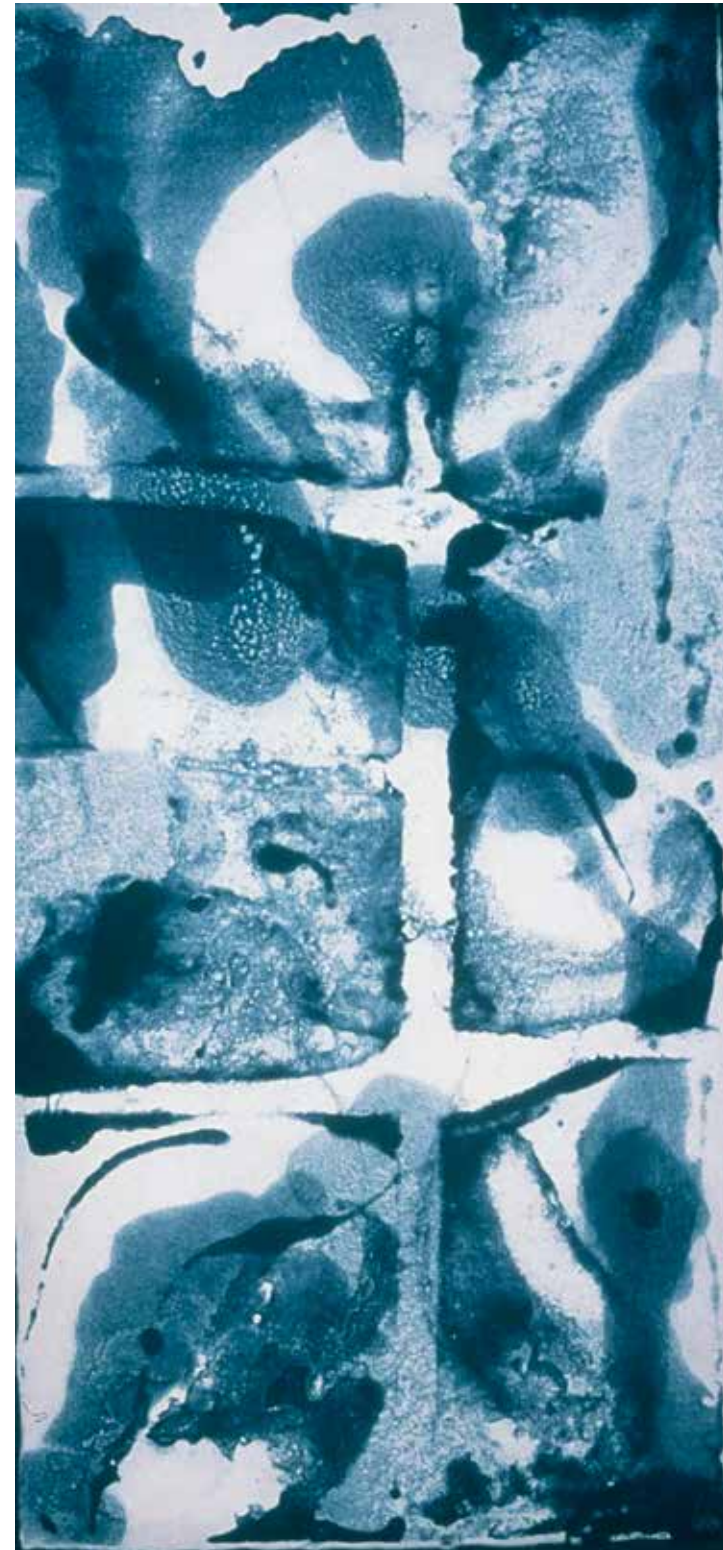
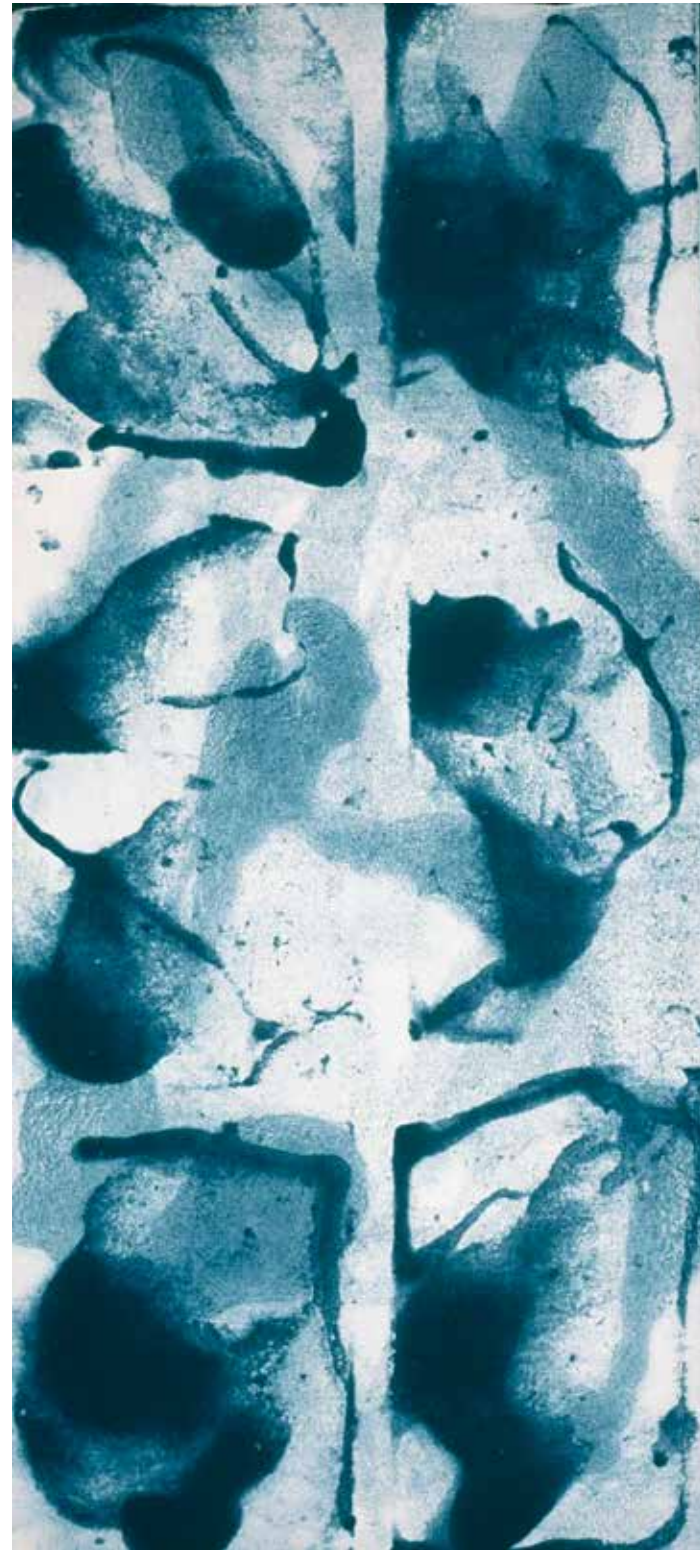


Your prophecy is not lost on me, Cassandra,
your phrasing is too persuasive, your timing
too bittersweet to dispute. I believe you, babe,
whatever the gods, so self-absorbed
as to ignore our sufferings,
have up their sleeves.

— excerpt from *Cassandra*
Stephen Kessler, 2018



Right: *Cassandra*; a hand-sewn booklet and the accordion-fold piece placed in a powder-coated laser-etched zinc box.



Two of the 50 individual chemises of pulp-painted, handmade linen paper for the edition of 50 copies of *On the Blue Shore of Silence: Poems of the Sea* by Pablo Neruda.

ON THE BLUE SHORE OF SILENCE 1999 - 2000
Poems of the Sea by Pablo Neruda; translation by Alastair Reid



Above: the completed book, showing an open folio, one of 12 contained in the chemise, placed in a cloth-covered clamshell box.

THE SEA

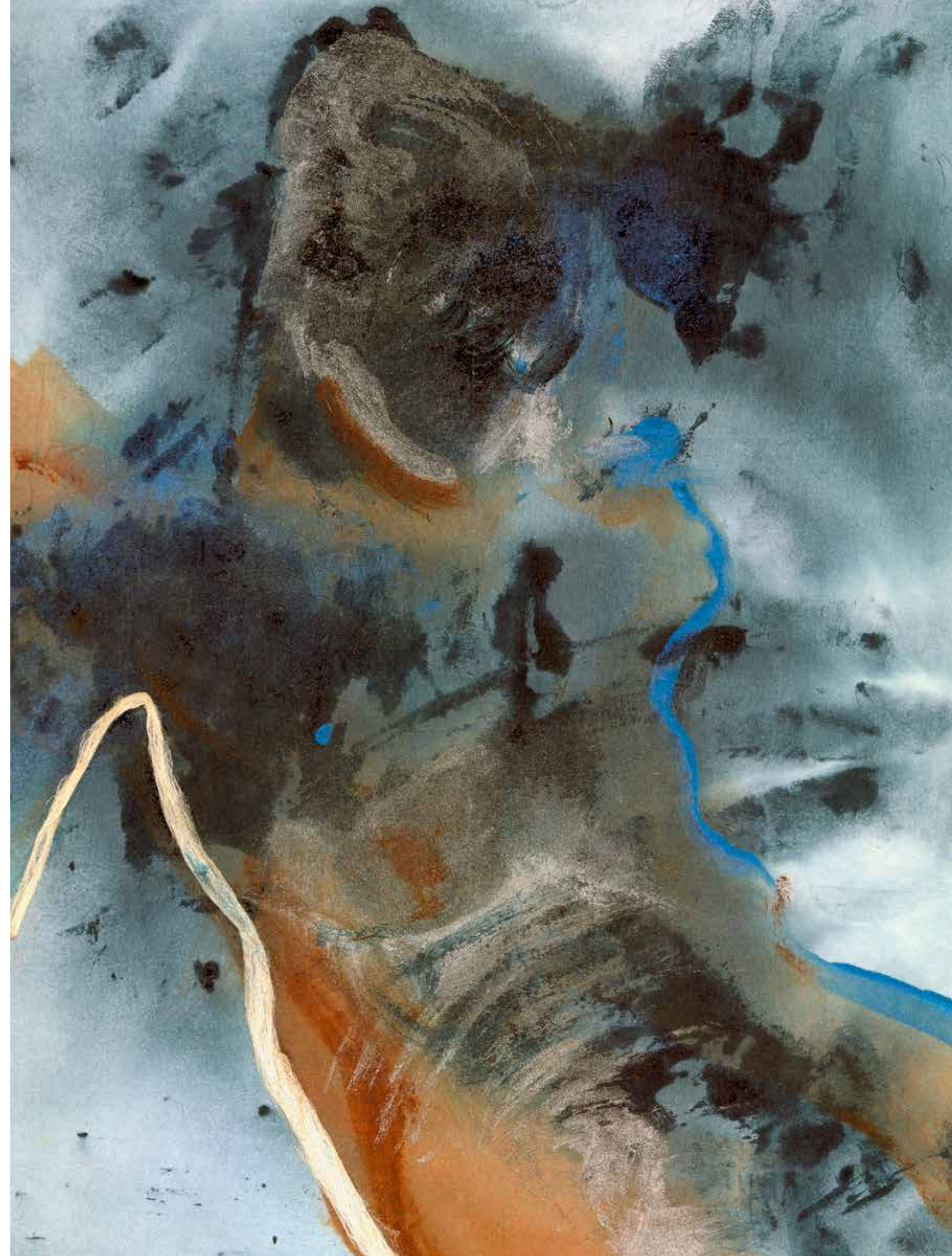
I need the sea because it teaches me.
I don't know if I learn music or awareness,
if it's a single wave or its vast existence,
or only its harsh voice or its shining one,
a suggestion of fishes and ships.
The fact is that until I fall asleep,
in some magnetic way I move in
the university of the waves.

It's not simply the shells crunched
as if some shivering planet
were giving signs of its gradual death;
no, I reconstruct the day out of a fragment,
the stalactite from a sliver of salt,
and the great god out of a spoonful.

What it taught me before, I keep. It's air,
ceaseless wind, water and sand.

It seems a small thing for a young man,
to have come here to live with his own fire;
nevertheless, the pulse which rose
and fell in its abyss,
the crackling of the blue cold,
the gradual wearing away of the star,
the soft unfolding of the wave
squandering snow with its foam,
the quiet power out there, sure
as a stone shrine in the depths,
replaced my world in which were growing
stubborn sorrow, gathering oblivion,
and my life changed suddenly.
I took the side of pure movement.

Above: sheet of the translucent linen paper printed letterpress with the poem "The Sea," showing the paper's cockled edges. The cockling echoed the pull of the tides and movement of the ocean kelp—a serendipitous effect as the paper was pressed and dried. Right: *The Sea*, first of 12 images in the book, *On the Blue Shore of Silence: Poems of the Sea*.





I met Alastair Reid in 1998 through friends—the translator Jill Levine and our neighbor Hermione “Pipina” Prieto. Jill brought Alastair and Pipina to our home for dinner. Pipina had taught with Alastair at Sarah Lawrence in the 1950s. He was fascinated by the new writers of the Latin American “Boom,” that she was teaching, and he asked her to translate a few stories. She scolded him, declaring that for the sheer pleasure of reading Neruda or Borges in the original the very least he could do was to learn Spanish! Alastair always credited Pipina with lighting a fire that led to his life’s work in translation. In January 1999, when we returned from an assignment in Chile, to cover Neruda’s Isla Negra

home for *The New York Times* magazine, I made a series of small paintings that evoked both the dark basaltic coastline of the Pacific as well as the ships’ figureheads—*mascarones*—that crowded Neruda’s Isla Negra living room. I traveled to New York to show Alastair these paintings and share my idea: I wanted to use his translations for a book of Neruda’s poems referencing the sea. “Hmmm, no one has ever done that before,” he mused, and, holding up my small paintings, he remarked, “Pablo would have lusted after these!” So began a project of art, poetry, and tall tales that spawned many lasting friendships. In 2000 I was invited by Alastair’s dear friends Patricia Cepeda and US Ambassador to Chile John O’Leary to present my book in a Pan-American event of poetry and art, Chile Poesía. In 2003 Patricia presented a prototype I made for a trade version of the book to Harper-Collins/Rayo. They agreed to publish it in celebration of Neruda’s Centenario in 2004.



Left: one of the paintings in the Isla Negra series; *Soliloquio en las Olas*, *Soliloquy in the Waves*. Above: a sketch of Neruda after a photograph by Luis Poirot; Mary Heebner, Patricia Cepeda and Alastair Reid, selecting poems they will read at her exhibition at Queen Sofia Spanish Institute, New York, 2009

INTIMACIES / INTIMISMOS 2008

Poems of Love by Pablo Neruda; translation by Alastair Reid



Naked

This ray is the running ~~sun~~^{South},
this circle is the East—~~West~~^{Capital}—
tangles the wind made
~~on its most limpid errands,~~ ^{in its own handwriting,}
~~and noon is high and upright,~~ ^{HALL}
a mast supporting the sky,
while the clear ~~arrows fly~~ ^{lines shift}
from silence to silence till they are
the slim birds of the air,
~~the lines that luck takes.~~
^{wherever our luck takes us.}

With the success of *On the Blue Shore of Silence: Poems of the Sea*, Harper Collins/Rayo published a second book of poetry by Pablo Neruda, *Intimacies/Intimismos: Poems of Love* in 2008. I made a selection of poems that were about living in the world, with an openness to all of its joys, sorrows, and vulnerabilities. Patricia Cepeda, who had shepherded the publication of *Blue Shore*, came up with the title. Just before publication, Alastair phoned me and said he had made some substantial changes to the translations he had done decades before. I jotted down these changes in pencil as seen in the prototype above.

Naked

This ray is the running South,
this circle is the West—
tangles the wind made
in its own handwriting,
and noon is tall and upright,
a mast supporting the sky,
while the clear lines shift
from silence to silence till they are
the slim birds of the air,
wherever our luck takes us.

El desnudo

Esta raya es el Sur que corre,
este círculo es el Oeste,
las madejas las hizo el viento
con sus capítulos más claros
y es recto el mediodía como
un mástil que sostiene el cielo
mientras vuelan las líneas puras
de silencio en silencio hasta ser
las aves delgadas del aire,
las direcciones de la dicha.





Visiting La Grotte de Font du Gaume, Les Eyzies-de Tayac-Sireuil in the Dordogne region of France, I sketched the polychrome paintings and bas-relief engravings.

TIME TRAVEL

One of the books that I treasured in childhood was *Prehistoric Painting: Lascaux or the Birth of Art* by Georges Bataille, published by SKIRA. Most likely due to a conspiracy between my “lazy” eye—the result of surgeries as a toddler to correct a cross-eyed condition—and the flattened images of photography, I interpreted the pictures in the book as complete compositions, with the sensual volumes of the cave’s interior as equally important as the paintings and engravings thereon. This certainly informed my later approach to image making.

In the 1970s I participated in many archaeological surveys and gained a lifelong love of time travel, which I associate with artifact, imagination, and geological layering—pervasive signs of life’s cycles, and I realized that it is our own mortality that drives us to make things of deep beauty that endure over time. In late 1995 after receiving a copy of my *Old Marks New Marks* chapbook, Dr. Marion True at the John Paul Getty Villa invited me to sketch from their collections, which I did until they closed for renovation.

In 1996, after sending a copy of this chapbook to the French Minister of Culture, I was invited to visit the actual cave of Lascaux. This experience generated the Lascaux paintings and the book *Scratching the Surface*.

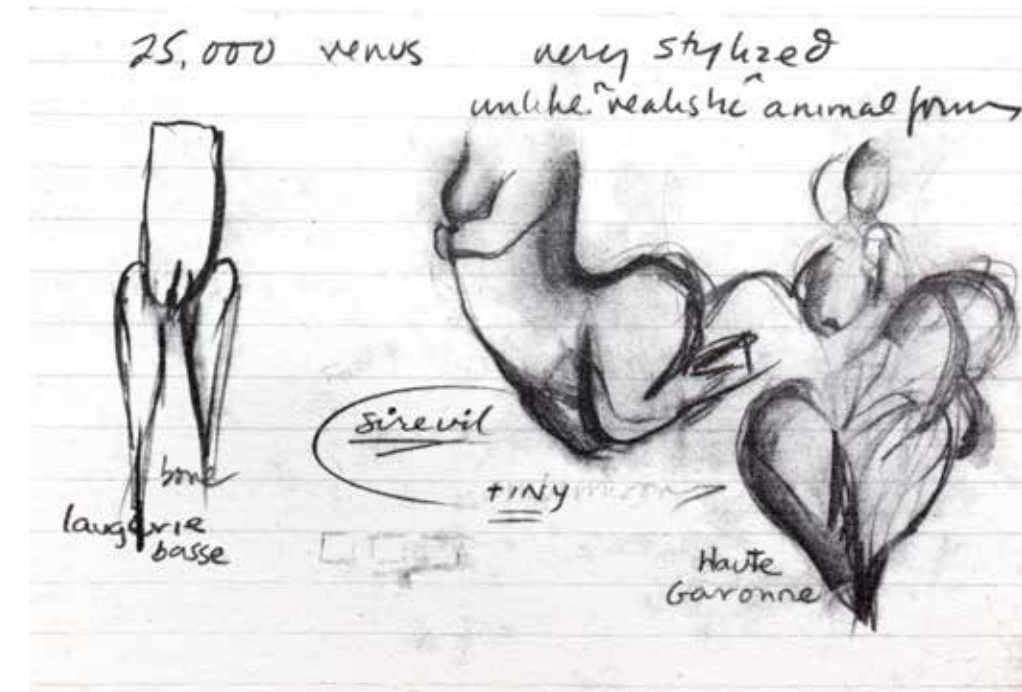
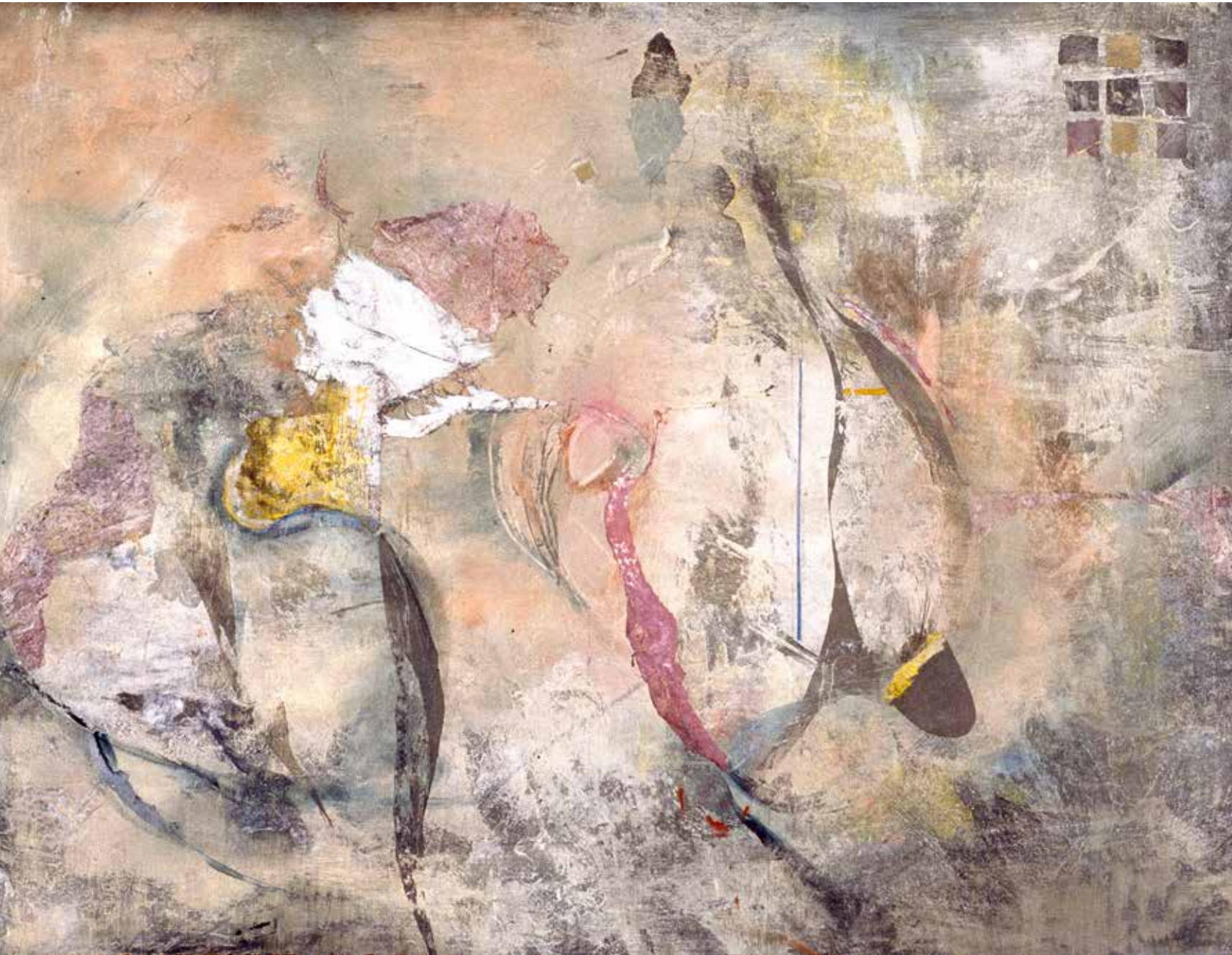
From 2014–2017 I worked in Italy and did residencies at the American Academy in Rome and Museo della Carta e della Filigrano in Fabriano, Italy, where I furthered my interest and skills in using watermarks as a drawing technique. Zooming in on intimate details of ancient sculpture lent an abstract quality to familiar forms, resulting in *Intimacy: Drawing with light, drawn from stone*. Time is a spiral. All art was at one time contemporary. The ancient is here, now.

OLD MARKS, NEW MARKS 1995 - 1996

Out of the Past

The cave paintings convey an accurate, if not tender, understanding of both the process of image-making and the subject depicted. It's said that the artist would masticate the pigments and blow the gooey saliva-bound color directly onto the cave wall. Although fibrous brushes were also used, the human mouth was a primary tool. I can imagine the artist practically kissing the rock, his or her diaphragm pulsing with controlled breath, producing a rapid, tapping sound, like a sputtering sprinkler, as the juicy color was literally air-brushed onto the surface.

—excerpt from *Old Marks, New Marks*, 1995



Left: *Sireuil*, from the Shapeshifter series, 38 x 50 in. collage on paper.
Above: from *Old Marks, New Marks* Dordogne sketchbook, 1994.



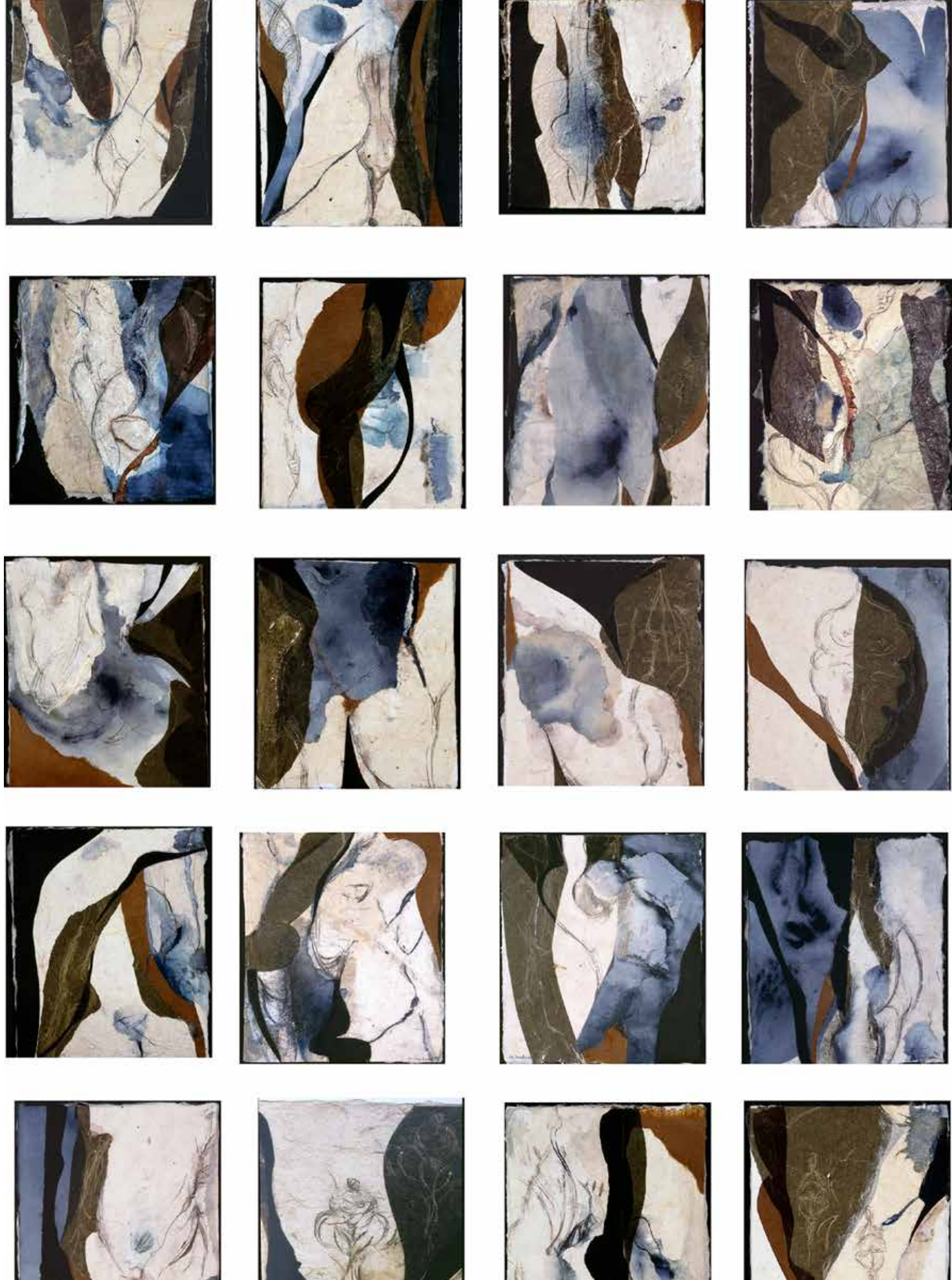
For all the exhibitions I have had since the 1970s I hadn't a single catalog to document my work, I groused, and my husband quipped, "Well, make one!" So I set to work cutting and pasting (precomputer) to design a chapbook in which I could pair my images with writing about the influence of ancient art, in particular the parietal art of the Upper Paleolithic. The chapbook *Old Marks, New Marks* was printed offset. I had created one-of-a-kind books in high school and university, but a collector friend suggested I do an edition. I made 7 x 5 in. original collages, based upon a larger series, Indigo Sketches, one for each copy of an edition of 40, along with a trimmed chapbook in a slender clamshell box.

When my friend Sandra Reese saw the paint-encrusted straight edge in my studio that I used as a ruler she exclaimed, "You know, Mary, a sixteenth of an inch really matters!"



Provided I acquire some proper materials, she generously and patiently coached me and four friends through each step in making the clamshell boxes. A sketch that reminded me of a cave, a simple space, and the letter M, became the press mark for *simplemente maria press* in 1995.

Above: the opened clamshell box that holds an original collage and the chapbook; and at left, the press mark. Right: detail of a selection of the 40 original collages that came with each edition of *Old Marks, New Marks*.



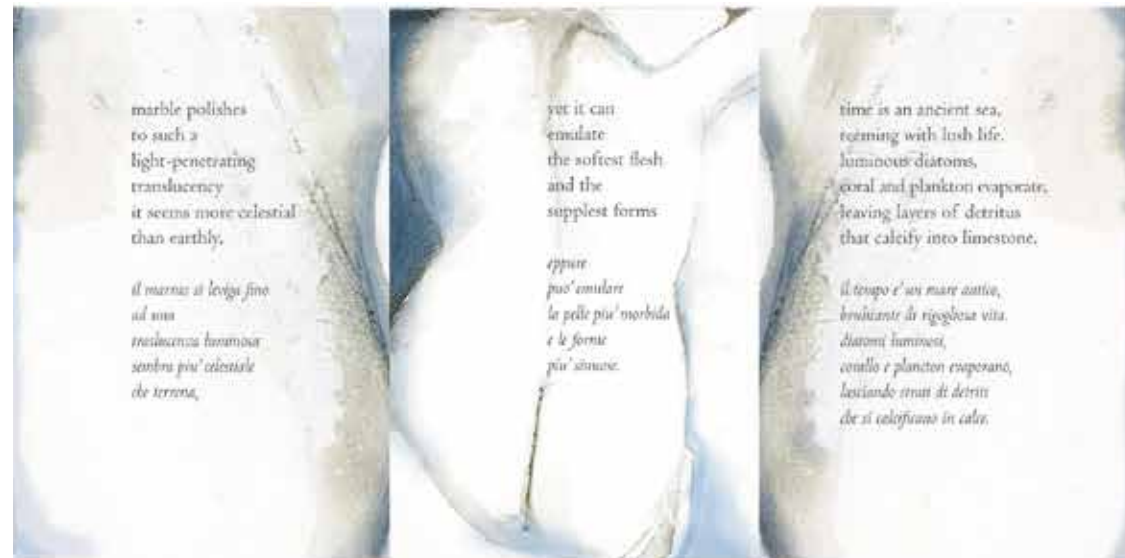


LASCAUX: like gold to airy thinness beat...

In May 1996 I was one of five invited by the French Minister of Culture to visit the original cave at Lascaux. We were allowed 45 minutes inside the cave. Returning to the studio, I used earthen pigments, oxides, and umbers to create a series of large drawings based upon the plan view of the map of Lascaux. I drew contour strokes with clear binder on white paper, then scattered ochre pigment over the surface. It was not unlike entering the dark cave “blind” and then slowly adjusting my eyes to see the images reveal themselves on the cave’s walls. I wrote of my experience which became part of the book *Scratching the Surface*.



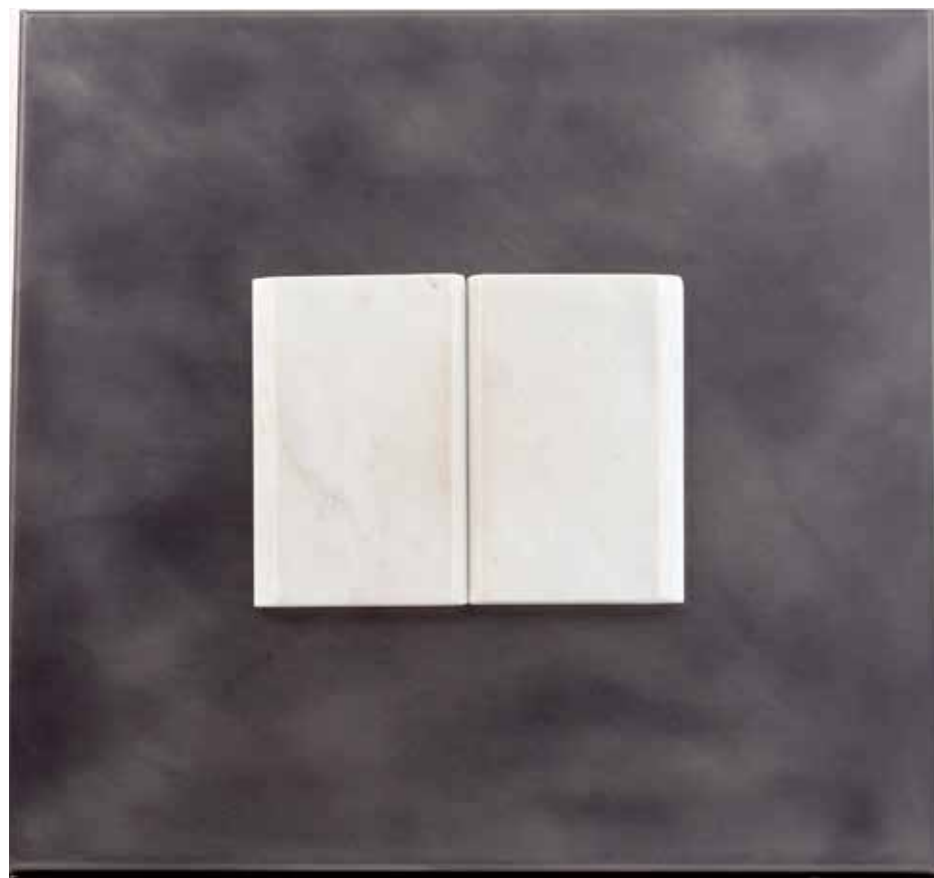
Left: *Lascaux, like gold to airy thinness beat*. Ochre pigment and binder formed a series of drawings based on the plan-view map of the cave of Lascaux, 43 x 31 in. on handmade Torinoko paper.
Above: *Scratching the Surface: A Visit to Lascaux and Rouffignac* with 6 original paintings tipped onto white sheets of handmade paper and placed within ochre-toned handmade paper folios.



INTIMACY 2019
Drawing with Light, drawn from stone



Left: a broadside of *Marmo* in English, with Italian translation of my text by Lise Apatoff.
Above: *Marmo*, an accordion-fold book, and its companion book *Schizzi* rest in niches cut into the hinged viewing easel, above the suite of 12 watermarked and hand-embellished paper folios.



In 2015 I was invited by Director Giorgio Pelligrini to do a residency at Museo della Carta e della Filigrano in Fabriano, Italy. In the 13th century the watermark technique was developed here, and so I decided to make watermarks based upon my drawings from Roman sculpture with master papermaker Luigi Mecella. At Dieu Donne Papermill, in New York City, I made contrasting watermarked sheets pigmented a deep ultramarine blue with Paul Wong and Lisa Switalski. In a sense it was an artist collaboration with traditional and contemporary papermaking ateliers that helped to shape the book, *Intimacy: Drawing with Light, drawn from stone*.

Left: lid, with marble carved as an open book, of the anodized aluminum box that holds the contents of *Intimacy: Drawing with Light, drawn from stone*. Above: installation of *Intimacy* in the exhibition, *The Muse Project* at UCSB's Art, Design & Architecture Museum, 2019.

CHECKLIST OF PUBLICATIONS 1995 - 2020

**Unless otherwise noted, all books are printed letterpress from photo-polymer plates on a Vandercook UNI cylinder press by John Balkwill of The Lumino Press. Handmade paper by Mary Heebner unless otherwise indicated.

1995-96 OLD MARKS, NEW MARKS: OUT OF THE PAST

8.5 x 7.5 in. An edition of 3000. Chapbook typeset digitally in Weiss by Lucy Brown, printed offset, Wilson Printing, 11.5 x 10 x 1 in. An edition of 40 copies in a clamshell box, Kakeshibu paper-over-board cover designed by Sandra Liddell Reese, with the chapbook in a recessed niche, and an original 6 x 5 in. handmade paper collage tipped onto each copy. ISBN 978-0-9766811-1-3

1995-97 ISLAND: JOURNAL FROM ICELAND

14 x 11 x 1.5 in. An edition of 60 copies; 12 pigment prints, hand touched with watercolor, enclosed in over-beaten abaca paper folios made with Rie Hachiyonagi and Gail Berkus, onto which 12 poems are typeset in Galliard and printed letterpress by Inge Bruggeman. Folios held in a Kyoseishi and Kozo paper chemise wrapper, within a silkscreen on a plexiglass slipcase.

1998 SCRATCHING THE SURFACE: A VISIT TO LASCAUX AND ROUFFIGNAC

12 x 9.5 x 1.5 in. An edition of 10 copies; made entirely of handmade paper. Six original paintings on abaca paper tipped onto folios printed with original text typeset in Centaur, printed letterpress by Inge Bruggeman. Placed in an ochre chemise within an ochre-rubbed Torinoko paper folder, in a slipcase of etched plexiglass.

1999 WESTERN TRILOGY I: OCEAN, DESERT, PRAIRIE

6.5 x 4.25 x 4.25 in. An edition of 20 copies with 5 hors commerce. Set of 3 books within a cloth-over-board slipcase. Original text typeset digitally in Bembo and Trajan, printed letterpress on Sekishu natural paper, with watercolor paintings tipped in opposite text and glued onto Tiepolo paper folded accordion style; covers of Kozo paper, topographic maps as endpapers, in a cloth-over-board slipcase.

2000 ON THE BLUE SHORE OF SILENCE: POEMS OF THE SEA BY PABLO NERUDA

15.5 x 12.5 x 2 in. An edition of 50 copies; 12 prints from the Isla Negra series of paintings in the center of trifold folios of Fabriano-Tiepolo rag paper, with 12 poems of the sea by Pablo Neruda in Spanish tipped in on the right with English translation by Alastair Reid on the left, printed letterpress on handmade linen paper. Text typeset digitally in Adobe Jenson, Arrighi (for Spanish), and Trajan titling. A hand-sewn booklet opens the suite. Individually pulp-painted linen paper chemises hold the folios, placed within a wood and cloth box.

* An edition of this book was published in 2004 by Harper Collins/Rayo, in celebration of Neruda's Centenario, with an artist's note, translator's note, and an afterword by Antonio Skármeta. ISBN 978-0-06-059184-7

2001 WESTERN TRILOGY II: MOUNTAIN, CANYON, DUNE

6.5 x 5 x 5.5 in. An edition of 20 copies with 5 hors commerce. Set of 3 books within a cloth-over-board slipcase. Original text typeset digitally in Bembo and Trajan and printed letterpress on Mingei natural paper, with watercolor paintings tipped in opposite text and glued onto Tiepolo paper folded accordion style; covers of Brazilian grass paper, topographic maps as endpapers in a cloth-over-board slipcase.



2002 SEEKING THE OPEN HEART

9 x 9.5 x 1.5 in. An edition of 75 copies. Suite of 10 paintings printed digitally as pigment prints, paired with 10 poems by Michael Hannon. Typeset digitally in Baskerville and printed letterpress, hardbound with individual paste-painted covers, presented in a plain slipcase.

2002 FULL LOTUS: SKETCHES FROM AYUTTHAYA

5.25 x 5.5 x 1 in. in an edition of 50 copies. Accordion-fold two-sided printed panels from on-site sketches at Wat Chai Watteranam, Ayutthaya, Thailand, individually hand touched with watercolor on rose side and with graphite on black-and-white side. A 10-panel folded insert of text and images typeset digitally in Minion and printed letterpress on Daphne paper, all held with hand-painted bandeau and placed in a black paper slipcase.

2003 BAYON: SKETCHES FROM BAYON TEMPLE, ANGKOR THOM

6.5 x 6.5 x 0.5 in. An edition of 20 copies. Two sets of pigment prints from on-site watercolor sketches; folded insert text with map detail (from Henri Parmentier, 1950). Printed digitally on Somerset rag paper, wrapped in silk *khataj* and placed in a folded black paper box.

2005 A SACRED GEOGRAPHY: SONNETS OF THE HIMALAYA AND TIBET

9 x 21.5 x 2 in.; with chapbook 11.75 x 8 x 3/8 in. An edition of 25 copies. Twelve sonnets by Sienna Craig typeset digitally in Democratica and printed letterpress on Kozo paper, then *chine-colléd* onto handmade pulp-painted paper that is debossed with drawings of a saligram fossil and Buddhist symbols. A Kakeshibu paper-over-board hand-sewn chapbook fits in a niche at the bottom of a cloth-over-board clamshell box. * An additional 100 copies of the chapbook were printed, 20 of which contain a pair of 9.75 x 4.75 in. prints and hand-painted broadsides of the final couplet in the last sonnet in the series. ISBN 98-0-976681-0-6.

2007 DEEP THERMAL: AN EKPHRASTIC PORTFOLIO OF ART AND POETRY

17.5 x 13.5 x 0.5 in. An edition of 26 copies. Six signed and numbered pigment prints from paintings that inspired 6 new poems by poet and translator Clayton Eshleman. Images printed on Somerset rag paper, poems typeset in Spectrum and printed letterpress on gray Rives BFK paper.

2008 THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF HAMLET:

AN ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION OF THE CLASSIC TEXT BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

12.5 x 16.5 x 2 in. An edition of 20 copies, a gray flax and red abaca dual-sided paper chemise encloses 20 folios of pigment prints from original collage paintings, within a sleeve of Kozo paper printed with corresponding passages from *Hamlet*. Title page with stencil, pulp painting, and frontispiece and final folio with watermarks, both of handmade paper. Typeset digitally in Centaur and Trajan and printed letterpress. Book includes an "actor's script" of the complete play. In a flax and mohair clamshell box with leather spine and gold stamping.

2008 INTIMACIES/INTIMISMOS: POEMS OF LOVE BY PABLO NERUDA

Sixteen poems by Pablo Neruda in Spanish with English translation by Alastair Reid paired with 16 images from the Muse series, with an artist's note and a translator's note, published in 2008 by Harper Collins/Rayo. ISBN 978-0-06-149216-7

2011 UNEARTHED: AN EXCAVATION OF IMAGES FROM CHILEAN PATAGONIA

12.5 x 12.5 x 2.5 in. Chapbook, 8 3/4 x 5 5/8 x 3/8 in. An edition of 20 copies. A poem printed on translucent abaca handmade paper interleaved with 8 hand-embellished pigment-print images of vessels on Khadi paper. A chapbook: *notes from below* with a fingerprint pattern debossed on a flax Cave paper cover, and placed in a niche

in the handcrafted pine box beneath *Unearthed*. Sandblasted travertine lid. Typeset digitally in Centaur and Trajan and printed letterpress on abaca for the large book, and on Khadi paper for the chapbook.

2013 SILENT FACES / ANGKOR

9.25 x 222 x 3.25 in. *Apsara* book 7 x 6.25 x 0.5 in.; Codex book 11 x 7 x 0.5 in.; scrolls unfurled 37 x 18 in. An edition of 20 copies. A handcrafted red cedar box contains *Apsara* with 2 accordion-fold pieces, one image, one text; *Geography of a Face* with sketches and vignettes, and a cover printed with an image of a face on Nideggen paper-over-board, goatskin spine; and a hand-sewn handmade booklet with watermarks, acknowledgments, and colophon. All rest on a patina metal tray. Beneath the tray are 4 scrolls made of paper-lined silk, watermarked handmade paper, and a pigment print within a gold pigment frame.

2015 APSARA: AN IMPROVISATION

8.75 x 15 x 1.25 in. An edition of 20 copies. An improvisation of text and image based on the origin myth from the Hindu Puranas, *The Churning of the Sea of Milk*. 2 pairs of image and text, in English and with a French translation by Laure-Anne Bosselaar. Typeset in Spectrum and printed letterpress. Each chemise folder is hand painted. Colophon with watermark of a dancing Apsara, title written in Khmer on Sekishu paper.

2017 INTIMACY: DRAWING WITH LIGHT, DRAWN FROM STONE

18 x 17 x 1.50" An edition of 20 copies. Suite of 12 watermarked sheets of handmade paper, pigmented ivory and ultramarine blue made at Museo della Carta e della Filigrano in Fabriano, Italy, and Dieu Donne, New York, with graphic elements typeset in Centaur and Latin Uncial and printed letterpress. Includes 2 chapbooks, 5 1/4 x 4 3/8 x 1/2 in., both with ultramarine blue paper-over-board covers and cloth spine: *Schizzi*, a collection of 14 prints of sketches from Roman sculpture; and *Marmo*, an accordion-fold book about the living nature of marble, translated into Italian by Lise Apatoff. Original design plexiglass viewing easel. Box of dyed anodized aluminum with marble carved as an open book affixed to the lid.

2019 CASSANDRA

10.75 x 10.75 x 1.5 in. An edition of 25 copies. An accordion-fold piece that presents a poem, *Cassandra*, by Stephen Kessler in the context of 14 digitally printed panels; each spread is individually embellished with collage and pigment on Legacy Etching cotton rag paper, plus a hand-sewn booklet printed on Saint-Armand handmade cotton paper. Typeset in Centaur and printed, with some debossing, in letterpress. Held in a bandeau and placed in a powder-coated laser-etched zinc box.

2020 PRAYER FLAG: AN INVOCATION TO THE FIVE ELEMENTS AND A TALE OF LONGING

10 x 11 x 2 in. An edition of 20 copies. A gathering of individual 10 x 11 in. two-sided panels of handmade pulp-painted cotton and linen paper interspersed with text on Khadi paper of cursive writing on photo polymer plates, printed letterpress. A spiral-bound journalist notebook is likewise printed 9.5 x 7.5 x 1 in.



Simplemente Maria Press would like to thank The University of California, Santa Barbara Library, for this exhibition and catalog celebrating 25 years of bridging words and images. Special Collections Librarian Danelle Moon, University Librarian Kirstin Antleman, and former Librarians David Tambo and David Seubert, at UCSB. .

Thanks to John Balkwill of The Lumino Press, with whom I've collaborated for over 20 years; Peter Koch and Susan Filter who created CODEX; Joan Tapper; Sandra and Harry Reese; Tessa Tapscott; Sukey Hughes, who taught me papermaking; Sue Gosin, Paul Wong, Inge Bruggeman, Giorgio Pellegrini, Anders Johnson, Tomio Muneno, Alex Rasmussen, David Shelton, and the many Special Collections librarians and individual collectors, and the translators and collaborators who have supported, advised, and encouraged me in the craft and art of making books.

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To Macduff, Sienna, Robert, always.

Mary Heebner's artwork and fine art limited-edition books are collected by institutions and special collections libraries that include The Library of Congress, The New York Public Library, The John Paul Getty Research Institute, The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Santa Barbara Museum of Art, Stanford University, Dartmouth College, Columbia University, The British Library, The National Museum of Women in the Arts, Indiana University, and the Universities of California.

Danelle Moon, Director of Special Research Collections at Davidson Library, UCSB, curated the exhibition, "Bridging Word & Image" to celebrate the 25th retrospective of Simplemente Maria Press.

Mary Heebner founded Simplemente Maria Press in 1995 when she began transposing her studio-based work and travel-inspired sketches and writing into a book format, beginning with the publication of *Old Marks, New Marks*.

Simplemente Maria Press unites poetry, ancient art, artifact, place-based inspirations, and images with studio practice, print, and papermaking to create hand-crafted books that couple visual art and writing in a variety of formats. Heebner integrates her artwork and writing into the design, concept, and substance of each book the press produces.

